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THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and a song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the golden age,
And come to the age of gold.

Time went away in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore,
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
—Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swans at present are far too sage
—To live as one lived of old;
So they couple the crook of the golden age
With the book in the age of gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Hear news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting guare,
Of their musical heart we are told;
And the Pandean pipe of the golden age,
Brings mirth to the age of gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls
—From the sheperdess up to the queen—
Cared little for bonnets and less for shawls,
And nothing for—silbouline.
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And 'tis funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the golden age
Would seem in the age of gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime;
And in spite of Lempriere's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the golden age
For a year of the age of gold.

"JOSIAH."

I never kin forget the day
That we went out a-walkin',
And sot down on the river bank,
And kept on hours a-talkin';
He twisted up my apron string
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest time
'Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there;
Josiah seemed uneasy,
An' mother she began to call:
"Loweezy! O Loweezy!"
An' then Josiah spoke right up
An' said, "Loweezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twas comin';
I'd heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin';
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But, law! I couldn't do it;
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it;
In looking down into my eyes
He must a seen the fire
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshiped my Josiah.
—*Eatonton Messenger*

LISEL'S HAIR.

BY MARIA L. THOMPSON.

On a green hill-side near Rittner, midway between the hamlet of Lengstein and the solitary hostelry known as the Gasthaus Saar, stands the little church—unpretentious, as befits the remote, mountain-girdled village. Behind it to the north, the Lengstein Railroad pass[illegible] sombre pine forest, rises almost abruptly. To the west it slopes upward gradually, green Alp rising above green Alp, until they reach the sky line, while to the east and south the ground falls away, giving a magnificent view of the beautiful valley, beyond which rises the solemn splendor of the Schlern. The church of Santa Maria Saar, stands alone in the midst of this serious loveliness. No Gottesacker surrounds it; no hamlet nestles under its shadow; no priest's house is near it. On its green hill side in the midst of the hills, it seems like a[illegible] prayer put there to meet the need of the soul so often felt among the strong mountains—the need to bend the knee and thank God for the beauty which soothes and uplifts the weary spirit. Mass is said only on Sundays and fete days in Santa Maria Saar. It is in no sense a parish church, but no wayfarer ever passes it without a prayer. The low stone benches at the base of the windows are worn already, and a century hence, if the stream of life flows on as now in that tranquil mountain spot, it will be easy to distinguish the indentations worn by the knees of the worshipers who pause there on their way up and down the mountain side. Within, it is like most churches in the Tyrol, exquisitely clean and orderly, and arranged with a reverential care which amounts to taste. There is an abundance of gilding, some pictures and silken banners, but nothing rare or curious except the sanctuary lamp, which is of highly wrought brass. Midway down the church in the western transept, stands a tall crucifix. It is rudely but religiously carved, and, in accordance with the beautiful custom of the Tyrol, humble offerings of gratitude are hung upon it. I remember seeing a bunch of grapes hanging there, sometimes a few ears of corn, and so on. But there is one offering which is always there: the base of the crucifix is inclosed in glass, and underneath the glass are to be seen the long coils of a woman's golden hair.

Wonderful hair it is, twined round and round the crucifix in heavy intricate braids and gleaming and glossy still, though it has been there for many years. Engraved on the glass is the inscription:

LISEL.—DONADIO
Deo Gratias
1859

If you ask the parish priest the history of this strange offering, he will answer that it is the hair of Seppel's Lisel, the hunter's daughter; that she was a wild, wayward girl, and in her short life caused and suffered great pain and trouble. The peasants will tell you that the Seppel's Lisel was once the beauty of the Rittner, and if pressed, will pour out willingly enough her short sad story.

She was an only child, and differed from the average Tyrolese maiden in being beautiful as an angel, and vain, idle, and coquettish, whereas, Tyrolese women are as a rule plain in person, and serious, industrious, and devout in character. Lisel was a comfort to no one, not even her parents; and she was a trouble to many, for there was not a marriageable man on the Rittner who was not in love with her, and she delighted in the broils and quarrels which her beauty provoked.

At the time my story begins it was generally believed that she would choose among her suitors either the miller's Franzel, a serious, steady, well-to-do-man of forty, of whose suit her parents highly approved; Franz Staffler, of the Gasthaus, who was the richest, the handsomest, and the gayest man on the Rittner; or Donadio Dannheim. Donadio, though well known and highly esteemed on the Rittner, was from Cartina, in the Ampezzo Thal, and had Italian blood in his veins. He was short, slight, and somewhat lame; but there was something singularly attractive in his pale dark face. The word *simpatico* seemed made for him. Worldly advantages he had none, beyond the two hundred gulden which every Tyrolese peasant must have in hand before he makes an offer of marriage. Precisely what were his chances of success with Lisel no one knew. Franz Staffler, of the Gasthaus, was supposed to be preferred by her, partly because he was much above her in position, and partly because of his great personal beauty. Toward the close of Lent, in the year 1859, Lisel had been guilty of causing a violent quarrel between Franz Staffler and Donadio. Both had behaved with great courage, but Donadio had been badly hurt; nor had he had the comfort of a word of sympathy from Lisel.

On the afternoon of Easter-Sunday the peasants were gathered as usual at the little village green, and Lisel was dancing with her usual joyous grace. She had more partners than she could manage, but Donadio was not one of them. His lameness had been greatly aggravated by the fall he had received in his fight with Franzel, and he sat apart, not sulky—Donadio was never sulky—but quiet and sad. He made no attempt to speak to Lisel, and nothing but an impulse of coquetry made the wilful girl suddenly declare that she was tired of dancing, and go and sit down beside him. She was instantly surrounded by the partners whom she had abandoned; but she was firm—she would dance no more.

'I rest, I wait for to-morrow,' she cried, gaily. 'Then I shall dance all day, and he who dances best—'. She paused and laughed archly.

'That is I,' said Franzel Staffler.

'You know that you promised me the first dance,' said the miller's Franz.

'And me,' 'And me,' cried half a dozen other voices. But Donadio said not a word.

'Silence, all of you,' said Franzel Staffler, peremptorily. 'Lisel will dance first with her bride-groom. Is it not true, Lisel?'

Lisel laughed and tossed her head.

'Lisel knows I am always ready to make her my bride,' said the miller's Franzel, steadily.

'Ready,' said Franz Staffler, scornfully; 'one must be something more than ready for our beauty of Rittner. I would rather have a lock of her hair to bind my hat with than a golden chain. And to-morrow,' he continued, looking down at Lisel with an air of proud possession—'to morrow Lisel will give me a lock of her hair, and we shall dance together, bride groom and bride—eh Lisel?'

'Is this true, Lisel?' said the miller's Franzel sternly. Donadio maintained a significant silence.

'Nonsense!' said Lisel, jumping up. 'Who will be my bridegroom I do not know. Not he who boasts too much,' she continued, turning to Franzel Staffler with a charming smile; 'not he who is always gray and full of reproof,' she added, glancing archly at the miller's Franzel; 'and not he who concluded, with a burst of indignation as she turned her back on Donadio, "not he surely who will not dance, who will not laugh, who will not speak, who is a spoilsport, a—" and here Lisel, to the discomfiture of her audience [illegible] intense surprise, burst into a shower of tears.

'Flood of nothing,' she said, quickly recovering herself. 'I am not crying. I will not [illegible] I do not care. Look,' she continued, pointing to the Schlern, which blushed and glowed in the light of the setting sun. 'My bridegroom, if I have one, is he who brings me a wreath of edelweiss from the Pigeon's Breast on the Schlern before High Mass to-morrow.'

Now the Schlern was eight hours and more from Lengstein. To go and return would take more than sixteen hours' hard walking, at the most favorable season of the year, and in March the ascent of the Schlern is rendered doubly difficult by the accumulation of snow and ice. What Lisel had proposed was impossible, and though it was received with applause, and the young men immediately drank the health of the winner of the wreath, it was by no means seriously.

One alone, however, had not spoken. Donadio had disappeared without bidding good night to Lisel or any one else, and though she glanced in all directions on her way home, he was nowhere to be seen. The sounds of revelry on the little Platz grew fainter as she pursued her way home, and she listened with feverish anxiety for Donadio's voice, but it did not reach her ears, and the moment she reached home she had to assist her parents in the evening work, and had no longer time to think or listen. At length everything was done, the evening prayer said, and the family separated for the night. It was then scarcely eight o'clock, and as Lisel leaned out of her window to take a last look at the Schlern before closing the lattice, a hand touched hers, and a low voice whispered, 'Lisel.'

Instantly the petted, wayward, coquettish girl was her provoking self again.

'Donadio!' she exclaimed. 'Why do you come here? The father and mother would be angry, and I do not want you.'

'Kiss me, dear,' said Donadio, gently. 'Kiss me, Lisel. I am going to the Schlern to bring you edelweiss; and you will be my bride, Lisel. Is it not so? I love you, Lisel. Many of them love you, but not me.'

'I want no love; I love no one; I hate love; replied Lisel, pettishly, withdrawing her hand, and preparing to bar the lattice. 'And you cannot get the edelweiss. You are lame.'

With this last cruel thrust, Lisel resolutely shut and barred the window, and then threw herself on her bed in a passion of tears. She hated herself for her cruelty, and yet she could not yield to the voice within her which bade her call Donadio back before it was too late. 'If he is so foolish as to go to the Schlern, let him go: is it my fault?' she said to herself, and then she burst again into tears and sobs. She knew very well that it was her fault; but little by little her emotion subsided, and she fell asleep. She had been sleeping a long time, as it seemed to her, when a voice seemed to say in her ear: 'The chamois trap on the Schlern! the chamois trap on the Schlern!'

In an instant she started up, wide awake; but all about her was still—the curtain drawn over the little window, the door locked and barred as she had left it when she fell asleep, her parents breathing heavily in deep sleep in the room next hers, and outside the solemn stillness of the night. 'I was dreaming,' she said to herself; and slipping off the bed, she began to undress. Suddenly she paused, with a cry of terror. 'The chamois trap on the Schlern!' She remembered it all now. Her father had been preparing that trap—a deep pit, with boughs placed cunningly across it, so that the chamois might advance fearlessly until retreat was too late. Most of the young men in the neighborhood knew that the trap was prepared, but not Donadio. Of that Lisel was certain. She could not have explained why, but she was sure, nevertheless.

Mechanically she began to bind up her hair and to put on her clothes again; and when she was dressed she crossed the room and opened the lattice. A low wail broke from her lips as she did so, for it was snowing fast—fine snow, which meant that it would probably snow for many hours. How greatly Donadio's danger would be increased by this she dared not think. She knew too well that she had not a moment to lose if she would save his life. Noiselessly she shut and barred the lattice, and striking a light, made her way to the kitchen. Then she quickly put some food and a bottle of wine in a basket, which she fastened on her shoulders, and taking a stick in her hand, she prepared to depart. The clock pointed to half past nine, but Donadio had already been two hours *en route*. As she placed her hand on the door she looked up mechanically at the picture above it. It was a rude colored print of Judas casting down the silver before the Elders and Pharisees. Underneath it were engraved the simple, awful words of the Gospel: 'He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully and with tears.'

The picture had hung there since Lisel could remember, and the words were familiar to her, too. Yet she now seemed to know them for he first time, and shrank from their terrible significance as from a blow. 'O pitiful, merciful Jesus,' she cried, falling on her knees before a crucifix in the corner of the room, 'have mercy on me! Pity me! Let me not be too late!'

Then springing up she extinguished the light, unbarred the door, and closing it noiselessly behind her, began her walk to the Schlern. It was not a dark night, although it was snowing fast, and she pursued her way with the steady, unbasting, unresting step of the Tyrolese mountaineer, a step that literally seems to 'devour' the way over which it passes and which brought her sooner than she thought to the point where a gleam of light falling across her path showed her that she was standing before the church of Santa Maria Saar. That solemn, ever burning light, symbol of the greatest mystery of Christianity, is doubly solemn to one who passes the church as she did, in the deep stillness of the night, when all the world lies asleep. It flooded her troubled, trembling soul with faith in Him who never slumbers or sleeps; and, approaching the window opposite the altar, she fell on her knees. There was the tranquil, changeless interior before her, the lamp burning before the altar, the crucifix, and stretching out her hands toward it, she broke out involuntarily into prayer. 'O barmherziger Jesu,' she cried, 'I am a vile, vain girl, but pity me! Let me but find him alive, and I offer up all—my good looks that I have been so vain of, my life—all. I vow to be vain no more. My hair that I gloried in, I will cut it off and bind it about the crucifix if I but find him alive.'

Then crossing herself, she rose and pursued her way down the mountain. Her rosary was hanging round her neck and she took it off and began to tell it as she walked. She had never prayed before as she prayed that night, urging onward with anguish and terror in her heart. So, absorbed in her dread anxiety, she hastened on, down, down through, the sombre, solemn pine forests, past sleepy cottages were the watchdog would rouse himself for a moment, but hearing the murmured 'Vater unser,' or 'Heilige Jungfrauplitt for uns,' as she hurried past, would tranquilized by those familiar sounds, go sleep again. Down, and still down, through leafless vineyards and groups of bare chestnut trees at last, till suddenly she woke as from a dream to hear the green, cold Eysack rushing at her feet, and to know that part of her journey was accomplished. She crossed herself and thanked God, but in another moment she had stepped upon the bridge, her rosary was again slipping through her fingers, her soul going up in earnest prayer as she hurried on. And now she had still four hours' steady ascent before her, and still she pressed on and up, glad for a moment when a distinctly felt silence assured her that she had passed high enough to be beyond the sound of the rushing river, but resuming her unceasing prayer, again she remembered the danger which menaced her lover. For through it all, through the cold, the fast-flying snow, the solemn, awful stillness of the night, the rising remorse which quickened her flying feet and charged with passionate intensity the old familiar prayers which fell unceasingly from her lips through all this she felt the power of the love which she had never before acknowledged to herself. Suddenly she paused. Below her lay forests and the farms, and directly before her the rocky heights of the Schlern. The snow had ceased falling, and the starlight—that wonderful starlight of the Tyrol-gleamed on the bare, stern rocks, on the snow that lay dazzling white on every ledge and crevice, and on the sharp, inaccessible peaks which reared themselves against the sky.

She had done it. Nothing now remained before her but the ascent of the Pigeon's Breast, as the lower jutting cliff of the Schlern is called. It was there that Donadio would be found if he had not returned already, but she knew well that in that case she would have met him. Again she repeated the history of her remorse, her midnight walk, her vow to cut off her hair if he were found alive, saying, quickly: 'You will go with me, mein Schatz, to bind my hair about the crucifix. For it is yours, as I am yours. You will forgive me if I am not as pretty as before, for I cut off my hair for you.' And as she spoke, the bright braids fell on Donadio's breast.—Lisel had suited the action to the word, and had shorn them ruthlessly from her head.—'There!' she cried, with a gayety which she was far from feeling, 'that will show you how real it is—my love for you. It will prove that I shall come back with help.'—And with a bright smile she was gone, lifting up her strong, clear voice in a succession of ringing Jodels as she sprang down the rocks. Before long, to her inexpressible relief, an answering Jodel met her ears, and she descried her father in the distance, with several of the neighboring peasants, furnished with ropes and cords.

More than twenty years have passed since that day, but I have seen the rough stern men who were present brush away a tear as they described Donadio's quiet, cheerful courage, and the cry of love and agony with which Lisel threw herself upon him, and kissed his hands and face and dress in a rapture of pain and joy. As quick as possible a sort of litter was constructed, over which the men threw their coats and then Donadio was gently placed upon it, and the journey homeward was begun. Lisel walked beside him, holding his hand. From time to time she spoke to him, or put wine or broth to his lips; but she seemed conscious of no other presence [illegible] half way down the mountain they met the doctor, and turning into a little way side auberge, Donadio was laid upon a bed, and physician and patient were left alone. At last—after a long time it seemed—the door was opened. Lisel entered first, her eyes turned to the physician with a look of agonized entreaty. Alas! he averted his glance from her, while Donadio spoke in a tone of steady cheerfulness as she took his hand in hers.

"Take courage, Lieschen. I have had happy hours enough for a lifetime since you came to me. I am not sad to die. For it is death: there is no need to tell me. Call me the priest,' he added.

When the priest had come and gone, Lisel again took her place by her lover, to leave him no more. At sunset he died; and as he had requested to be carried to the church of Santa Maria Saar, the kindly men who had carried him so far waited until his body was prepared for the grave, and then taking up the bier, they made ready for their sad journey. Still Lisel walked with them, holding the cold hand of her lover in her own.—No entreaties or persuasions availed with her; she seemed to hear nothing, to see nothing, but the beloved face to which her strained, agonized eyes were ever turned.

At midnight they reached the church of Santa Maria Saar, and laid their burden tenderly before the altar. Lisel lifted then the long bright braids which still lay on Donadio's breast, and binding them around the base of the crucifix, she fastened them with his hunting knife; then retiring to the bier, she knelt down and again took the cold hand of the dead in hers. Thus she remained all night, the sole bridal night she was ever to know.

Early in the morning Donadio's body was laid in the grave; but when the villagers came to the simple funeral, they were aghast to find a white-haired woman kneeling by the bier. Lisel's youth and beauty were already of the past, into which Donadio's young life had faded, and as she stood mute and tearless beside his open grave, scarcely any one present could recognize her haggard face.

She lived four years after this, devout, silent, laborious; but she was never seen to smile, nor did the lilies and roses ever bloom again on her pale face. Four years after Donadio's death she fell ill of fever; and one cold March morning, as the priest came to say the Early Mass at the church of Santa Maria Saar, he found Lisel kneeling before the altar. She was almost unconscious; the chill of death was already upon her.—There where she had made her vow, where she had kept her awful vigil beside the dead body of her lover, there it was also appointed to her to make her last confession, to receive the last sacraments, and to enter into rest. She died at dawn, and was buried on the following day in Donadio's grave. Many years have come and gone since then, but the memory of the love and sorrow of the quiet sleepers in that quiet earth is still fresh in the hearts of the survivors. Garlands of wild Alpine flowers are constantly heaped upon the mound: the alona peasants often pray there; and there also kneeling on either side, with hands clasped across it, the Tyrolese lovers are wont to repeat the solemn promise of betrothal.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

It was Sunday. Mr. Skinner was tired and thought he would lie down on the sofa in the back parlor and rest. People never learn by experience and he was no exception to the common rule.

He lay down and crossed his feet with a parade hardly justifiable under the circumstances. His wife came in and saw him.

'Why, Lot Skinner!' she exclaimed. 'If ever I heard of the like! Lying down on that sofa with your boots on, and oh, my goodness! your head on that lace tidy I had done up only last week. You are the most inconsiderate man I ever saw in my life!'

Mr. Skinner got up and his wife smoothed out the tidy and rearranged it.

'The idea of anybody putting a head on that tidy,' said Mrs. Skinner, who had no intention of using slang. 'I did suppose you had more sense.'

'I guess we have,' said Mr. Skinner, good naturedly. 'Ya-a-a. I could take a nap if I could find a place to drop down. Ya-a-a.

'You had better read your Bible,' said Mrs. Skinner. She was a good, uncomfortable woman, so clean and neat and orderly that she made her family wretched with her domestic drill.

Something called Mrs. Skinner off then, and when she came back Mr. Skinner was gone. She sat down and took a book, when a thought struck her, and she bounded from her chair as if it had been a cannon ball.

Yes, it was just as she feared; her husband had gone up stairs, and she found him stretched out on the bed, on top of a white counterpane, his grizzly gray head sunk deep into a white, starched pillow-sham center:

'Sleep, sweet beloved!'

He was not only asleep, but snoring, with a look of sweet content on his wide open mouth.

'L-o-t S-k-i-n-n-e-r!'

He got up in a manner that would have done credit to a gymnast, and stood staring at the fearful hollow in the bed and the wrinkled dent in the pillow sham.

'I declare I forgot,' he said, looking very foolish. 'Alice, haven't I got a place where I can lay my head?'

'Don't talk nonsense,' said his wife sharply. 'The idea of a sober man going to bed with his boots on!'

'Would you rather I'd get—'

'I'd rather you'd get common sense,' she said. 'If you must sleep in the day time, why there's an old lounge down in the kitchen; no one will disturb you there. Or, I suppose'—ungraciously—'I can take off the quilt and the sham and let you have your nap here, though it's wicked, that's what it is, to sleep Sunday. It's a bad example to set to children, and you know it.'

'But I am sleepy,' answered her husband; my head is as heavy as lead, and I cannot keep my eyes open.'

'Laziness! sheer laziness!' said his wife, sharply.

Mr. Skinner went down stairs and disappeared. The last words his wife heard him say were that there was no rest for the weary, but she was picking up the embroidery on the misused sham with a pin, and did not heed him. When she went down stairs he was not in sight and she busied herself in getting dinner, which on Sunday took the place of supper, and thought no more about him.

She was a distinguished woman; distinguished in the town where she lived as being the cleanliest housekeeper in it. No girl could be found neat enough to live with her; all the mottoes in the house were to the effect that cleanliness was akin to godliness. She dusted every article of furniture in her house several times every day; she scrubbed so often that the children had chronic diphtheria; she scrubbed so clean that at last she scrubbed through her kitchen floor into the cellar, and was nearly lost to the community. It was a perpetual warfare between her and dirt. The front parlor was never opened to the family, and although Mr. Skinner had furnished it, he had never sat down in it a moment since. Its air was that of a tomb. After it had been opened to company for an afternoon, the children went round with flannels about their throats and drank ginger tea. It was the handsomest parlor in the community, too, and had the family pictures and their marriage certificate framed and hung up there.

When dinner was ready—and it was a good dinner, too, for Mrs. Skinner was a good cook—she asked the children where their father was.

They did not know.

This seemed strange; she questioned them closely, but they had not seen which way he went when he passed through the room.

'Didn't he say where he was going?' she asked, wonderingly, for Mr. Skinner never went out on Sunday without his family.

'He said he was going where he'd have more peace,' said little Harry Skinner.

'Well, we won't wait dinner for him,' said his wife, and they sat down to eat.

But a spell seemed to have fallen upon them, and when dinner was over and cleared away, and they were in the sitting room with their books, there was a sense of dreary loss, and Mrs. Skinner sat with the Bible open on her lap, and wondered why he had gone out, and remembered that he had looked queer.

It was in consonance with her habits of living that she got up in the middle of these speculations to catch a wondering and belated fly and induce him to be annihilated.

'Strange!' she said, as it grew dark. 'I'll take the children and go down to his mother's and see if he's there, and if he is, I'll just give him a piece of my mind.

But he was not there, and his mother said that Lot looked badly the last time she saw him, and she thought he seemed worried: hoped it wasn't business troubles.

No, it wasn't business troubles: Mrs. Skinner knew that, and she began to wonder if she had cleaned her husband out of his mind. It came over her with such sudden force that she had been in the habit of driving him from pillow to post at railroad speed and at the end of a broom or dust-brush. He actually found no rest for the sole of his foot in his own house. It might have worked upon his nervous system until he became suddenly insane. Horrible thought! He might have committed suicide.

She hurried home with her children. All was gloom. She went to his bureau to look for his razor. It was the only firearm he possessed—it was gone.

Then Mrs. Skinner broke down and cried, and the children cried and it was indeed a scene of desolation, when suddenly the door opened, and an apparition—no, it was Mr. Skinner himself—stood before them looking very sheepish.

'I overslept myself,' he said in a meek, apologetic tone looking at the clock.

'I should say you did,' answered his wife, 'and the dinner is all eaten up, but I'll fix you something nice,' and she went out, taking the children with her.

How much of it Mr. Skinner ever knew it is impossible to say, but there was an immediate and satisfactory change that at first amazed and then delighted him. He could lie down anywhere when he was tired, and his wife would throw a shawl over him and leave him in peace. He has even been seen to lie down on the sofa in the parlor where he took his Rip-Van-Winkle sleep, and nobody disturbed him. Mrs. Skinner was at heart a woman of sense, and when she realized that one hair of that grizzly gray head was worth more than all the pillow shams in the world to her, she put the last one away in the company of a demented assortment of superfluous tidies. And they are, not in any zoological sense, a happy family now.

CAME WITHIN ONE OF IT.—Cady Herrick tells a good one of a scamp who was arraigned at the last term of the Court of Oyer and Terminer upon the [illegible] the fellow pleaded guilty, and in response to the query of the Court as to what he had to say in mitigation of his offence replied:

'I want a good, liberal, easy sentence. I pleaded guilty and saved the county the expense of a trial, and ought to be let down easy.'

'How many wives did you say he had married?' the Judge inquired, turning to Herrick.

'Four,' replied the gentleman.

'Goodness gracious!' exclaimed the Judge, 'I should think he had been punished well enough already.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied Herrick with a wink, 'and of a man who knew whereof he spoke, and which carried conviction [illegible] been pretty well punished in this case,' responded the Judge, 'we will deal leniently with him.—Prisoner, you are sentenced to the penitentiary for the term of one year.'

'Thanks, your Honor. The sentence meets with my approval and suits me to a T-ace, and it ought to,' he remarked to a bystander. 'I could have got five years, but I got one off for every wife. Why if I had married five, I'd been acquitted; but I'll call the turn next trip,' and he went philosophically to prison.—*Albany Express.*

DISTANCED HIS PAPA.—A correspondent tells the following story of how Wm. H. Vanderbilt became possessed of his father's millions.

About the time that the old Commodore was trying to decide who should be his principal heir, William came one day asking permission to haul away a load of hay from the Commodore's place. The Commodore gave his assent and a few days later went out and found the hay all gone. "Who took away all that hay?" demanded the old Commodore, grimly.

"Mr. William," responded the stableman in charge.

"Did you take all that hay?" demanded the old Commodore the next time he saw his son.

"Yes, father," meekly responded the agricultural son.

"I thought I gave you permission to take only one load," said the Commodore.

"Yes, but it was a ship load that I wanted," said William.

The old Commodore turned on his heel, remarking to himself, "That is the first man that was ever able to cheat me; I guess I will make him my heir." And he did.

'Now, Johnnie,' said his teacher, 'if your father borrows $100 and promises to pay $10 a week, how much will he owe in seven weeks?'

'One hundred dollars,' said Johnnie.

'I'm afraid you don't know your lessons very well,' remarked the teacher.

'I may not know my lesson very well,' Johnnie frankly acknowledged, 'but I know my father.'

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - APRIL 24, 1885.

THE improvement in General Grant's condition during the past eight days, has been as remarkable as it was unexpected. He took a carriage ride on Monday and Tuesday. We do not, of course, undertake to express any opinion as to his ultimate recovery, but merely state the gratifying fact that he is steadily getting better, and that there is a reasonable chance of his getting well, which was regarded as absolutely impossible two weeks ago.

AS MRS. HUNT'S act of Assembly, requiring the effect of drunkenness on the human system to be taught in the common schools, was considerably mixed as regards the time when it should go into effect, the Deputy Attorney General of the State has cut the Gordian knot as appears from the following dispatch:

HARRISBURG, April 20.—The act requiring physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effect of alcohol, to be taught in the common schools being somewhat ambiguous as to the time of going into effect, the Department of Public Instruction requested an interpretation of the law in this connection from the Attorney General's office. Deputy Attorney General Snodgrass has replied that unless otherwise declared an act of Assembly takes effect from the date of its passage and that the physiology act is now operative. Teachers, however, are not required to pass examinations on the subject until the beginning of the school year of 1886.

THE New York *Sun*, in view of Gen. Grant's rapid improvement since the middle of last week, which was so unexpected from what the doctors had been publishing about him, gives Drs. Douglas and Shrady the following home thrust:

"How are things to-day?" whispered a young man to a friend who had just come from General Grant's hall door, where he had been speaking to the servant.

"Better," replied the friend, in the same cautious tone. "Douglas has eaten his breakfast with some relish, and Dr. Shrady is resting comfortably."

"But how is General Grant?" asked the first speaker.

"Grant?" was the answer. "Oh, I didn't ask about him. I was extremely anxious to ascertain how the doctors were getting along."

ALL who know and admire Hon. Edgar Cowan, of Greensburg, will learn with sincere regret that he is afflicted with a cancerous growth in his mouth, and that eminent surgeons in New York whom he recently visited pronounced it out of their power to do any thing for him. Mr. Cowan is one of the most distinguished lawyers in the State, and when he was a member of the United States Senate he held a high rank among the ablest men in that body. A strong feeling of friendship existed between him and President Lincoln, and his reminiscences of "Old Abe," as he was familiarly called, which the ex-Senator used to relate so admirably, were rich, rare and racy. When Charles Dickens visited Washington just after the Civil war broke out he became acquainted with Mr. Cowan, who was then in the Senate, and afterwards said of him that he possessed the most remarkable conversational powers of any man he had met in this country. How sad the thought that so bright a man should become the victim of an insidiate and incurable disease.

TEN days, or perhaps two weeks ago, a member of the Legislature made the statement that at the session two years ago an appropriation of $12,500 was made for the purpose or aiding in the erection of a hospital at Connellsville for miners and railroaders, the money to be drawn from the State Treasury by the Trustees of the proposed hospital, when a similar sum had been raised by private subscription of which subscription satisfactory evidence was required to be furnished to the Governor and satisfactory by him. Evidence deemed satisfactory was laid before them and the amount of the appropriation was paid to the Treasurer of the Hospital fund. It is now charged that no money was ever actually raised by the friends of the Hospital, and that the State has been swindled to the extent of the appropriation. Dr. Smith Patterson, of Connellsville, who was a Democratic member of the House from Fayette county, took an active part in procuring the appropriation and in getting the money out of the Treasury. A Committee of the Legislature visited Connellsville last week and made an investigation into the matter, and when their report is made it will be known who, if any one, has been actuated by the scoundrel. The transaction may be satisfactorily explained, but it certainly has a very suspicious look.

GEN. LAWTON, of Georgia, has declined the Russian Mission. When his nomination was sent to the Senate soon after Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated, some of the members of the committee having it in charge made the objection against him that his disabilities had never been removed by Congress, and before final action was taken the President withdrew the nomination. Lawton received a full pardon from President Johnson in 1867, more than a year before the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, and the question having been submitted to the Attorney General by the President, that officer decided that Andrew Johnson's pardon removed Lawton's disabilities, and that the Fourteenth Amendment could not, and did not, restore them. Upon the strength of this opinion the President would have reappointed Gen. Lawton had not that gentleman on Tuesday last declined, in order, as he states, to relieve the President from any embarrassment and to avoid a possible controversy in the Senate at the next session. It is said in Washington that Mr. Kelly, of Virginia, the new Minister to Italy, will also decline, owing to the fact that in 1871 he delivered a speech in Richmond in which he denounced Victor Emanuel, then King of Italy, for his treatment of the Pope, which would probably lead to some unpleasantness between him and King Humbert, who is Victor Emanuel's son.

AMONG the appointments made by Mr. Cleveland on Friday last was that of Jacob Mueller, of Ohio, to be Consul General at Frankfort-on-the Main, Germany. Mr. Mueller is a well known citizen of Cleveland, was either born in Germany or is of German descent, and was at one time elected Lieutenant Governor of his State on the Republican ticket, but of late years has actively supported the Democratic party. We will never forget Mueller. Every one will remember what intense interest was manifested all over the country during last September, in the result of the Ohio election for State offices on the second Tuesday in October. The Republicans confidently claimed that they would carry the State, while the Democrats by contesting every inch of ground, were not without hope. All agreed that the result in the State depended upon how the Germans in Cincinnati, Cleveland and a few other localities would vote. When the excitement was at its highest this same Jacob Mueller was interviewed in regard to the outcome, and gave his opinion very freely in relation to all the counties in the State containing a large German population. He appeared to have made a careful study of the matter in hand and fortified his conclusions with such cogent reasons that they amounted in our judgment almost to a mathematical demonstration. We believed in him and why should we not? He is a German—a man of intelligence, and lived in Cleveland, capital of the Cuyahoga county, which was in the habit of giving as large, if not a larger Republican majority than Hamilton county, which embraces Cincinnati. His home was among Germans—he associated with them—knew all the leading Germans in Cincinnati, Dayton, Toledo and other large Ohio towns, and his settled belief, based on correspondence as well as from having been through a great portion of the State, was that the Germans would put the Democratic State ticket through without the shadow of a doubt and thus make Cleveland's election sure. So strong was our faith in Mueller's views that we would have put up a small sum of money on their accuracy. We cut what Mueller said out of the paper and waited patiently, but confidently for the returns. We got them, but Oh! what a fall there was in his predicted figures for Hamilton and Cuyahoga counties, embracing Cincinnati and Cleveland, and the actual result.—He was only about twelve thousand *wrong* in his estimate of the two counties. In this way we became slightly acquainted with Mueller's knowledge, or rather the want of it, about the German vote in Ohio last October. Gov. Hoadly was nearly as far astray in his calculations about the same vote as Mueller was, but Hoadly isn't a German and therefore we didn't put as much faith in him as we did in Mueller. We have no hard feelings towards Mueller, but wish him well in his new position at Frankfort-on-the-Main. When he comes back he may, perhaps, at some future time again dispose of the German vote in Ohio, on paper, but our faith in him as a political prophet will not be as large as a very small grain of mustard seed.

THE only Catholic priest, who, in these days, says the New York *Sun*, was ever elected "to the chief magistracy of a free people," sailed from that city at the close of last week for Europe. He is the Rev. Father Fernando A. De Merino, former President of the Republic of San Domingo. Father Merino, the *Sun* says, represents what is known in his country as the *partido azul*, or blue party, whose political tenets are "San Domingo for the Dominicans," the spread of liberal ideas and liberal institutions, government of the people, by the people, and advancement of the country by virtue of labor, peace and industry. On this platform Father Merino was made the nominee of his party for the Presidency of San Domingo in 1879, was elected, and served his term of two years. Previous to his administration a President could be re-elected indefinitely under the Constitution then in force, but Dr. Merino not only refused to be a candidate for re-election, but introduced into Congress an amendment to the Constitution by which no person could be re-elected President of the Republic until two years after the expiration of his first term. This law is now part of the Dominican Constitution, and its beneficent effects have been amply demonstrated in the peaceful Presidential elections which have occurred since Dr. Merino's retirement from office. He is said to be an orator of great power, his eloquence in the pulpit being well known in all Spanish-speaking countries. He goes to Europe as Minister Plenipotentiary to several of the great powers.

THE use of money by a candidate for office is always to be deprecated, but when a man who [illegible] district to elect him its President Judge spends thousands of dollars under the guise of "campaign expenses," it is a stab at the purity and independence of the judiciary which ought to be visited with the sternest indignation. It seems that at the last November election there was at least one candidate of that sort for judicial honor in this State. Ex-Judge Handley, of Lackawanna county, who was a candidate for re-election, is said to owe twelve thousand dollars which he spent in some way during the campaign. The money was raised on notes, which were discounted at the Scranton Savings Bank, the stock of which is largely owned by Handley himself. A couple of weeks ago these notes fell due and Handley refused to pay them, for the reason, as he said, that he was not elected. Suit will be brought against him and let the issue be what it may, the people of the Lackawanna district are to be congratulated that Handley's money failed to secure for him a position which he undoubtedly would have dishonored and disgraced.

TEN days ago the indications were that the questions in dispute between England and Russia would be settled without an appeal to arms, but since then the aspect has become decidedly more warlike. As the old man said about rain, "it may be that it will come, and then again it may be that it won't."

THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

If Commissioner Sparks has any notion of reform in government, beyond the retention, careful coddling, and promotion of people in office for the reason that they are in office, he will find plenty of work before him in his new round of duties.

Fraud and waste in the administration of public affairs have nowhere been more conspicuous and gross than in the land system. So vast have been the spoliations of the public domain, and so bold the evasions or open defiance of the homestead and preemption laws, that some at least of these wrongs must obviously have been effected through the connivance or the active complicity of Government officials. It was not enough that during the thirty years from 1850 to 1880 grants of 154,067,553 acres of the public domain were made for railroad purposes, but in addition many millions of acres have been stolen by powerful corporations through violation of the statutes. Commissioner Sparks's predecessor pointed out that lands worth from $25 to $100 per acre have been sold for less than $3. Some years ago a great tract was preempted as desert land, whereupon the owner of the adjoining ground sent to the Interior Department an ironical comment on the supposed unproductiveness of the tract so preempted in the shape of a sweet potato weighing seventeen pounds grown on his own soil of precisely the same character. Timber lands, too, have been grasped by foreign companies in defiance of the laws, and have then been rapidly stripped of their trees, to the detriment of the surrounding region. The prospective result of the many and various land frauds and land grabbings was thus set forth by Commissioner McFarland:

"The time is near at hand when there will be no public lands to invite settlement or afford citizens of the country an opportunity to secure cheap homes. Meanwhile vast stretches of uncultivated lands are everywhere observable, title to which has been acquired by evasions of law. The numerous methods of disposal now existing and the laxity of precautionary provisions against misappropriation are resulting in a waste of the public domain, without the compensation attendant upon small ownerships for actual settlement."

It is beyond question that millions of acres have been illegally fenced by cattle companies, while fraudulent entries have been constantly increasing. We find in Commissioner McFarland's last annual report a list of 460 fraudulent entries in Dakota that had been investigated during the previous 12 months, 808 in Colorado, 139 in California, 827 in New Mexico, 311 in Minnesota, 109 in Washington Territory, 170 in Nebraska, 382 in Kansas, and so on with other States and Territories. A land agent in New Mexico computes that 90 per cent. of the entries there are fraudulent, and an agent in Dakota assigns a like character to three out of every four entries there. The General Land Office investigates such fraudulent entries as are complained of by settlers or others who have access to the required information.

Such are some of the existing facts under which Commissioner Sparks takes charge of the Land Office. Apparently for many years there must have been both inadequacy in the laws and inefficiency in their execution to produce such results. In some instances it appears unquestionable that registers and receivers have been corrupt. Commissioner Sparks has given indications of a purpose to investigate frauds by suspending routine action on certain classes of land entries until inquiries into their character can be made. If true administrative reform should ever begin anywhere with turning the rascals out, it is where Government agents must apparently have aided in the commission of wrongs either by [illegible] or accepting bribes for assistance or silence.—*N. Y. Sun.*

OKLAHOMA NOT OPEN TO SETTLEMENT.—Captain Crouch, the leader of the Oklahoma "boomers," has had an interview with Secretary Lamar. Captain Crouch said he represented law-abiding citizens, who believe honestly that they are entitled to settle upon the Oklahoma lands, and who want an authoritative legal decision on the question whether the lands belong to the Government and are open to settlement. He complained that cattlemen have ranches and herds upon the land his people desire to settle upon. He denied that the Oklahoma settlers intend to go into the country in the face of the law.

"What is it you wish?" asked Mr. Lamar.

"I want to know," said Capt Crouch, "what course the administration has determined to pursue with reference to Oklahoma and the settlers."

"Well, sir," replied the Secretary, "I will state to you the policy of the administration with regard to this Oklahoma country. It considers the Oklahoma territory, on which the persons you represent are [illegible] tlements, as within and part of the Indian territory. The administration regards it as not a part of the public domain open to entry and settlement, and acquisition under the land laws of the United States. Being Indian country—that is, territory acquired and reserved for Indian occupancy—the Government pledged to the protection of it and the security of the Indians from intruders. No white person has the right to go there and reside without a permit, and when they do go they are intruders who are acting illegally and wrongfully. The policy of the President is to execute the pledge of the Government and to protect this territory from the intrusion of white persons who claim to have a right to enter upon it, and that it is public domain subject to preemption and homestead settlements.

"Is that the final decision?" Asked Capt. Crouch.

"It is, and will be enforced, replied Mr. Lamar.

In reply to a further question Mr. Lamar said the administration was determined that the cattleman on the Oklahoma reservation should leave. They will not be permitted to graze their cattle within the limits of that territory. He repeated this declaration with emphasis.

THE Pittsburg *Post* says: The Philadelphia *Bulletin* makes a plea for the retention in office of Superintendent Snowden, of the Mint. It is asked in the interest of civil service reform.—Last fall Snowden earned his salary by neglecting his office and perambulating the State making township and ward speeches—not decent or fair political arguments, but vile and indecent harangues abusive of Cleveland personally. This was in time paid for by the Government. The cheek of the Republican hungry horde is almost past belief. Snowden should go on the double quick. In addressing a Pittsburg meeting we have understood his blackguard attacks on Mr. Cleveland were so gross, decent Republicans left the meeting.

THE Philadelphia *Record* remarks: The "Queen of the Treasury" and a number of other distinguished and do-nothing female clerks have, in spite of the divinity that should and used to hedge them, been set to work—actually to Work! They are of the opinion that President Cleveland and Secretary Manning are real mean men, who would not hesitate to shout "Rats!" at a roller skating rink.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by E. James, druggist.

PARNELL AND THE PRINCE.

It is to be hoped that whoever instigated the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland is satisfied with the result of his cunning device. The result of it thus far is a showing that the Prince who is to be titular King of Ireland can perambulate that island in peace only by the kind permission of the actual King of Ireland, Mr. Charles Parnell. That is the only moral to be drawn from the performance.

Even the influence of Mr. Parnell has failed to prevent several riots. The loyal masses at Mallow were prevented from expressing what the Poet Laureate once described as "their loyal passion for their temperate Kings" by the troops and the police, who drove them out of the station. Prevented from welcoming their rulers, the dispersed Nationalists gave vent to their feelings by smashing the windows of houses that were decorated in honor of the royal visit.

No doubt Mr. Parnell would have prevented this riot if he could, but his power to allay disturbance is by no means equal to his power to promote it. Perhaps the most curious testimony to the extent of his influence was that given by the Mayor of Dublin, when he was hissed by the crowd on Monday. He informed the assembly that "he would at once telegraph to Parnell at Cork and at Mallow an account of what had occurred at Dublin, and that they would then see what the result would be." The actual "result" was the riot at Mallow, but this probably is not what the Mayor meant. He meant that the King, that is to say the Boss of Ireland would be displeased with their proceedings and would testify to his displeasure.

Whether Mr. Parnell foresaw the riot at Mallow or not, nobody can doubt that if he chose to do so he could make the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales a continuous riot by giving a signal to that effect. If the visit has any political purpose it is that of coaxing the people from their allegiance to Parnell. It has so absurdly failed of that purpose that it is perfectly manifest to everybody that it can be effected only by Parnell's forbearance, if not by his active interference, on behalf of the "honored guests" of the people of Ireland. It might have been foreseen that this would happen. As a demonstration that Parnell is omnipotent in Ireland and that the future King of England is impotent the tour has already been completely successful. This is a pretty position to put the Prince in, and the political sagacity of the statesmen who advised this singular method of extending an olive branch is equaled only by the wisdom with which the war in the Soudan has been conducted.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE Memphis *Appeal* observes a striking fact in connection with the advent of the Cleveland administration to power. It is this: "The Republican party of the South is decomposing as rapidly and as fragrantly under the policy of Cleveland's wise and conciliatory administration as an unsalted herring under the rays of a summer's sun." It is little wonder that it is so. Under the Republican regime a band of unscrupulous politicians united with the ignorant blacks to get feeding places at the party crib, and in the days of the carpet-bag rule they waxed wealthy and powerful. They were political slave traders who had survived the abolition of slavery. After the carpet-bag governments had foisted $300,000,000 of debt on the Southern States, there sprung up such a detestation of this combined rule of scheming whites and unlettered negroes that these States gave unexampled Democratic majorities. Now that there are no more crumbs to gather the rats are leaving the poverty stricken household of Republicanism. All people irrespective of [illegible] to [illegible] has come to pass. The negro vote will no longer be held as a unit for base purposes by unscrupulous office-seeking whites. It is the beginning of a period when the black man will exercise intelligence in casting his ballot, thus becoming a potential part of the body politic. It is the dawn of a new day for a new South.

SAYS the New York *World*: Some of our cotemporaries are discussing the question whether the sympathy of the people of the United States ought to be with England or Russia, in case of a war between those nations. The sympathies of our people ought to be with neither England nor Russia. Both are prepared to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives to promote their ambitious ends. Both nations are freebooters who have seized upon the territory of others in order to enrich and aggrandize themselves. What right has England in India other than that of the strong robber who seizes and holds other people's property? What business has Russia at Merv, there, as she has also in [illegible] does elsewhere? The sympathies of our people ought to be with the Afghans, whose territory is assailed; with the Soudanese, who, however, seem pretty well able to take care of themselves; with the oppressed and wronged of every country who are drawn into the vortex of war by the ambitions of rival thrones; with the misguided men who are driven and enticed into the ranks of both armies, and whose lives, laid down on the bloody field of battle, are no more considered by those who make the war than are the spent and and battered pebbles that go whistling among the trees.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

After about fourteen years' hard labor the great suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn has been completed, and thus a large city has been connected in a way never before dreamed of in Revolutionary times. It is indeed the crowning work of the century, and can be classed among the wonders of this country. The suspension bridges at Niagara falls and over the Ohio river at Wheeling sink into insignificance when compared with it. Its dimensions, history and cost are familiar to all readers of the daily papers, and do not need to be repeated here; but we do say to all persons within our limits who are afflicted with any of the ills that Peruna, the greatest discovery of the century. It is a medicine discovered by Dr. S. B. Hartman, of Pittsburgh, and prescribed by him in thousands of cases during thirty years of continuous practice. Ask your druggist for the pamphlet entitled "The Ills of Life," which gives full and complete directions for the preservation of the health. Try Peruna, the great tonic.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.

E. James can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything but to secure the agency for such articles as have well known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising and ever reliable. Having secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of throat, lungs, and chest, and to show our confidence, we invite you to call and get a trial bottle free.

—Frank Rowland, while driving horses attached to a large land roller in Erie county, on Monday last, hitched at the top of a steep declivity and descended to measure the path. The huge roller above became detached and started down the rather hilly crossing and tearing everything before it. Roland lost his presence of mind and for a moment the bounding mass of iron struck him down, rolling over him and leaving him a mangled mass of blood and bones.

THE use of Iodoform or mercurials in the treatment of catarrh—whether in the form of suppositories or ointments—should be avoided, as they are both injurious and dangerous. Iodoform is easily detected by its offensive odor. The only reliable catarrh remedy on the market to-day is Ely's Cream Balm, being free from all poisonous drugs. It has cured thousands of chronic and acute cases, where all other remedies have failed. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents, of druggists.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—An average of 1,000 immigrants per day passed over the Pennsylvania railroad last week.

—According to a count just completed by letter carriers, there are 165,093 dwelling houses in Philadelphia.

—At a horse race near Fort Ford, Indian Territory, a few days ago, Frank Copeland and Frank Watson quarreled and shot each other dead.

Two masked highwaymen stopped the stage from Vulture, Arizona, a few nights ago and obtained an express box containing $5,000.

—A free trial of Prof. Harris' Pastille treatment for nervous and physical debility in men can be had of Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

—Rev. Dr. David Stern, a Jewish Rabbi, took poison on Satuaday last at a hotel in Wilksbarre, and died without having gained consciousness.

—Sheep raisers in New South Wales have recently met with heavy losses. In one district four large stations have lost as many as 70,000 sheep each.

—Erysipelas and salt rheum was driven entirely away from Mrs. J. C. Anderson, Peshtigo, Wis., by Burdock Blood Bitters. No equal as a blood purifier.

—The settlers of the Winnebago and Crow Creek Indian reservations in Dakota have resolved to resist the eviction process recently promised by proclamation of President Cleveland.

—In the United States court at Pittsburg Calvan L. Smith was sentenced to pay a fine of $10 and serve two years in the western penitentiary. Smith was convicted on the charge of passing counterfeit money.

—Mgr. A. J. Glorieux was on Sunday consecrated in the Cathedral in Baltimore as Bishop *partibus infidelium* and apostolic vicade of Idaho. The rite was conducted with all the ceremony and pomp possible.

—Edward Sumner, aged seventy years, one of the most prominent and wealthy residents of West Detham, Massachusetts, hanged himself in his barn on Saturday morning. Ill health is supposed to have been the cause.

—O'Donovan Rossa arrived in Chicago last week, and was driven to the Clifton house. A few prominent Irishmen called upon him, but there was no demonstration. To-night a committee of 100 will escort him to the West Twelfth street Turner Hall, where he will speak.

—An unknown man was discovered asleep on the track near Hillville, on Sunday, by the engineer of the Brady's Bend accommodation. Every effort was made to stop the train, but it could not be done, and the sleeper's life was saved by John Colligan, the fireman, crawling out on the pilot and kicking him off the track.

—William Haas, a young butcher, shot and instantly killed his sweetheart, Annie Neibert, aged 19. He then fired a shot at an aunt of the girl, in whose house the murder was committed, and attempted suicide by firing twice at himself. The aunt was not hit. Haas will recover. He says the girl's relatives would not let her marry him.

—Mary Moore, of La Crosse, Minn., died last week, just after a [illegible] of 84 days. She could only retain small quantities of water. For thirty-two days no attempt has been made to administer food in any way. Previous to that some food was rejected instantly on being taken. The cause of the trouble is supposed to have been cancer of the stomach.

—On Saturday evening Samuel Fritz, Sr., and Samuel, his son, residing in Little Britain township, Lancaster county, attempted to tie a vicious horse in the stable. The animal began kicking and struck the old man first, breaking one leg, and wounding him terribly. The young man went to assist his father, when the horse kicked him in the head, injuring him so badly that he died the same night. The old man is lying in a critical condition. The deceased was a well known farmer and stock raiser.

—A secret meeting composed of conductors, engineers, firemen, and brakemen of the Pennsylvania Railroad was held in Harrisburg, on Saturday, to consider what is called the twelve hour question. These men are at present paid by the trip without regard to the time consumed. At the meeting it was agreed to petition the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad for wages according to the day, twelve hours, and extra pay will be demanded for extra labor on the road. Legislation to that effect was discussed.

—One week ago George Banks, of Karns City, went to Butler to examine the court records to satisfy himself that there was nothing entered against a man who wanted to borrow $900 from his father. He carried the money with him. He has mysteriously disappeared and no trace of him can be found. There are suspicions of foul play, though there is a strongly belief that he has gone on a roving tour. His wife and children are, however, very anxious to know of his whereabouts. His father, Matthew Banks, is one of the wealthiest men in Butler county.

—Frederick Seboldt, son of Rev. H. A. Schmidt, living at Rider Hill, Youngstown, Ohio, was shot on Sunday night in a dance-en row, which originated in the Rider Hill skating rink, the only rink in the county keeping open on Sunday. The ball entered the breast near the right nipple and was taken out of the back just below the shoulder blade. His physician says had the ball in its passage gone an eighth of an inch to the right it would have severed an auxiliary artery and the patient could not have lived ten minutes. George McKelvy, who fired the shot, is a farmer boy, and was arrested, charged with shooting with intent to kill. He declares he shot to scare not to kill. Schmidt is resting easy, though the wound is considered serious.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of kidney or liver complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not as thousands of cases already permanently cured and [illegible] Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any kidney complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased part. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by E. James.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1885.

President Cleveland, has had much handshaking as usual, to do this week, and unless some one shall soon invent and patent an automatic presidential handshaker there will be need of a deputy or assistant President to perform this duty alone. Negro delegations have predominated at the White House this week. The bishops and pastors of the African Methodist Conference called upon the President, and their foreman made an introductory address that was nearly as long as a sermon. The same day Mr. Cleveland and his Cabinet reviewed the emancipation procession of colored people, which passed before them as they stood on the front portico of the Presidential mansion.

In the departments the work goes bravely on, and to those who know the past condition of the departments, this is saying a good deal. A remarkable change has come over them. They are all doing real work, and surprising everybody and especially themselves. For several years past it has been very unusual to find a department or a bureau of a department here in Washington with the current work up to date. It is not uncommon to find offices months behind, and some of them even longer than months. Whenever anything of this kind has happened little success has attended efforts to even up the business. Sometimes, it is true, this has been occasioned by much extra work imposed upon a force not quite sufficient in numbers, but generally it has been due to inefficient and lazy clerks, whose interest in the pay-roll overshadowed completely their concern in the work of the Government. Changes now going on indicate that this haphazard way of doing business has had its best days. Those Departments and Bureaus which are behind with their accounts and reports are to catch up with the current business, and when that is done each day's work is to be finished each day.

This is as it should be and is just what every well-regulated house would have done by its own employes. It will necessitate, of course, a thorough overhauling of the different bureaus and the discharge of idle and incapable clerks of both sexes, who have heretofore relied upon political influence to keep them in place. It will demand the retention of good servants and the displacement of bad and the general recognition that a day's work must be given for a day's pay.

An occasional howl of rage in the Republican morning paper announces that the official head of a Republican worker has fallen into the place of wailing and gnashing of teeth, but as yet this good work has hardly begun. There will be more of it anon and if the Republican paper is going to howl about such a little thing as chopping off official heads, it will have to issue a double sheet and an extra edition.

Some Democrats are impatient at the delay in discharging a class of Republicans who are notoriously unfit for their places; but these should reflect that it requires time to select the proper substitutes, and consider the tremendous difficulties that confront the Administration. There are knotty legal questions to be considered in the matter and manner of removals. It would be just as reasonable to suppose that a full force of new employes in a watch factory at a single stroke as to contend that the President should at once turn the Republicans out and replace them by Democrats.

The "Committee on Economy" which is inquiring into the methods of business in the [illegible] Department will be engaged for some weeks, perhaps months before they are ready to report. "Thus far we have simply scratched around in a few of the bureaus," said one of the committee to-day, "and as it is our intention to go into everything, we cannot push things through in a hurry."

With the entrance of a new Administration [illegible] Resort to the Ren[illegible] on the [illegible] felt in political parties [illegible] the Cabinet and their characteristics. From all counts the impressions formed by contact with Miss Cleveland and the ladies who will, for the next four years, be prominent factors in the social world, are of the most flattering description. Some of the ladies of society here paid particular attention to noting the effects of the new element and their verdict was that society was in safe hands and no disagreeable frictions would occur.

K.

William McKnew 124 Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "Electric Favorite Remedy" is a good medicine. It is doing me more good than anything I ever tried, and I have tried almost everything for [illegible] Dyspepsia, Kidney [illegible] Complaint a specific in Stomach and Bladder diseases, it is equally valuable in cases of bilious disorders, constipation of the bowels and all the class of ills apparently inseparable from the constitution of women.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY
Trade Mark
THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

Be The genuine has above trade mark and [illegible] Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD. Takes no other.

"I Have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the last [illegible] years. Our Druggist, J. Anderson, recommending 'Hop Bitters' to me,

I used two bottles!

Am entirely cured, and heartily recommend Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a

Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop

* * * Bitters. I was afflicted With inflammatory rheumatism [illegible] For nearly

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any

Good! * * *

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to day as ever I was. I hope

'You may have abundant success'

'In this great and'

Valuable medicine:

Anyone [illegible] wishing to know more about my cure?

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1303 16th street, Washington, D. C.

I consider your

Remedy the best remedy in existence For indigestion, Kidney [illegible] Complaint

'And nervous debility. I have just'

Returned * * *

'From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more

Good!

Than anything else;

A month ago I was extremely

'Emaciated!!!'

And scarcely able to walk. Now I am Gaining strength, and

'Flesh!'

And hardly a day passes but what I am complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop

Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson, * * * *Wilmington, Del.*

Beware of all worthless imitations. None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

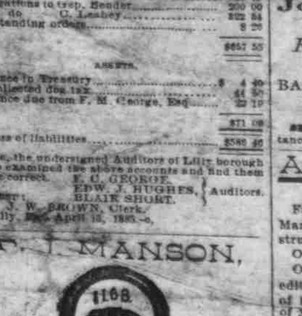
To You. From Oak Hall.

The Samson of the Period.

Copyright, 1885, Wanamaker & Brown.

Imperial power rests with the Farmer. The great freight corporations seek him that they may take toll upon his ample stores. We traders seek him to take *our* stuff. *His* staples are down, *his* face long—but why? No reason, while his dollar will buy so much. The Oak Hall stock proves this. Our story for this spring is a tale of cheapness. Note these examples in Men's Suits: Blue Flannel Suits, $6.50, $10.00, $12.00, $15.00. They are all, except the lowest, all-wool and all full indigo color. All-wool Black Cheviot Suits, $8.50 and $10.00. Black Corkscrew and Diagonal Worsted Suits, $13.00, $15.00, $18.00, $20.00, $22.50, $25.00, $28.00, $30.00. Brown, Wine, Blue and Dahlia Worsted Suits, $15.00, $18.00, $22.50, $25.00, $28.00. Just so through all the stock, the three great E E E's, Elegance, Excellence, Economy, prevail.

Pleasures of the Imagination,



Copyright, 1885, Wanamaker & Brown.

Happy youngster. A chair, a box, half a dozen big books, bits of cord and cork. Papa's cane, Mamma's aquarium, and a vivid imagination, supply all his needs. Neither Rangeley trout nor Saguenay salmon can so delight the expert angler. Imagination has joys and limits. It will not make a dear thing cheap nor an old thing new. Real wants demand real supplies, and this fact underlies the great Oak Hall Million Dollar investment in Clothing and Cloths for Men and Boys. Special Bargains must be facts—hence the Oak Hall offers only Bargains. For Boys the stock is large from $2.50 to $18.00. Small Boys' Suits, $4.50 to $6.00.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Oak Hall
S. E. Cor. Sixth & Market Sts., Philadelphia.

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT of Lilly borough.
SIMON RYAN, Collector.

To Amount of orders on Treasury		$4876 56 / 60 51
		$4921 7
CR.		
By work on streets		$ 26 00
Amount paid to Treasurer		218 04
Taxes worked on streets		30 06
Taxes of O. Lesley and others resumed		93 81
Amount paid Brant and Conrad, sundries		1 35
Commission on $218.04@5 per cent.		10 90
Exonerations by Council		20 41
		$401 57
SIMON CONRAD, Treasurer.	CR.	
To amount received from Collector		$ 218 04
do do do Borough		30 00
Am't rec'd from W. F. Moreland dog tax		6 50
		$254 54
CR.		
By orders paid and cancelled		$ 186 00
Amount paid on order 21		19 00
Commission on $218.04@ 5% per cent		5 90
Balance in Treasury		4 40
		$254 54
LIABILITIES.		
Obligation to Ed. Edwards		$ 100 00
Balance due Ed. Edwards on order 21		20 12
Obligations to treas. Borough		200 00
do C. Lesley		322 84
Outstanding orders		8 20
		$651 56
ASSETS.		
Balance in Treasury		$ 4 40
Uncollected tax 1884		44 90
Balance due from F. M. George, Esq		22 10
		$71 00
Excess of liabilities		$580 46

We, the undersigned Auditors of Lilly borough have examined the above accounts and find them to be correct. E. C. GEORGE, EDW. J. HUGHES, Auditors. BLAIR SHORE.
Attest: J. W. BROWN, Clerk.
Lilly, Pa., April 18, 1885.-3.

P. J. MANSON,

Ebensburg, Pa.
AGENT FOR THE
AURORA WATCHES,
the best in the market. Will sell you
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
AND JEWELRY,
At as low prices as at Johnstown or Altoona. All kinds of repair work promptly done.
Ebensburg, April 17, 1885.-tf.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor,) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to carefully and collections a specialty. [illegible]

INCORPORATED IN 1870.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'N
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $1,000,000
Only 7 Assessments in 28 Years.
Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1885.-tf.

L. F. DARNELL,
FLORIST,
Johnstown, Penn's,
Makes a Specialty of
FINE FLORAL WORK
—FOR—
BALLS, PARTIES, WEDDINGS, FUNERALS, ETC., ETC.
Flowers packed and sent safely any distance by Express.

ANYBODY Can make Photographs by new dry plate process

For 50 cts. we will send post paid Hodge's Manual for Amateurs, which gives full instructions for making the pictures.

Outfits we furnish from $10 upwards.

Our "PHOTOGRAPHIC BULLETIN," edited by Prof. CHAS. F. CHANDLER, head of the Chemical Department of the School of Mines, Columbia College, published twice a month for only $2 per annum, keeps Photographers, professional or amateur, fully posted on all

...mbria Freeman.

...BENSBURG, PA.

...D. - - APRIL 24, 1885.

...L AND PERSONAL.

...ere and the Other Place.

...fever.

...el Spring.

...ut for flies.

...ou paid the printer?

...peaters are now ripe.

...ned goods go to the Sugar Bowl.

...lumber of all kinds at Barkers'

...oice groceries go to the Sugar

...ats have dried up very fast in ... days.

...t three months of the Legisla... $20,000.

...nking of the frogs is a sign that ...ear at hand.

...ille, Crawford county, pays school ...2 a month.

...an with the red nose can no longer ... the weather.

...L. Davis brought in three doz... Monday last

...burg is to have a steam flouring ... from $25,000 to $50,000.

...nd and Russia as yet have got no ...an spitting on their hands.

...aster W. H. McCleary, of Pitts... paid his office one day last week.

...the time when the lazy man ...through town with his garden

...Coffroth, son of Hon. A. H. Cof... been appointed postmaster at

...heat to some places in this neigh... said to be entirely killed by the ...ter.

...shingles, pine palings and work... of all kinds constantly on hand at ...ening mill.

...Kate O'Hagan, of Gallitzin, has ...situation as saleslady in the store ...es Ward at Braddock.

...Haizey, a former citizen of ... while eating his dinner at a ho...treville, Elk county, was struc... ...th on a piece of beefsteak,

...would buy one of the best com... ...and fertilizer drills, for sowing ...of grain, call at Barker's and see ...have the best in the market.

...heumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, ...colic there is no remedy superior ...ine Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

...uch frost in the ground in this ...od prevented a great many peo... ...ing their duty on Arbor day.

...one of the best things for your ...potato patch, to keep the weeds ...the worms out. You can get it

...P. O. Shannon, late Chief Justice ...whose family resides in this place, ...ed the practice of the law, and ...t an office at 402, Grant street.

...following persons can each get a ...alling at the Ebensburg postoffice: ...udler, Bennet Diesel, E. Helman, ...Jones, Chas. H. Tickner, 2, Mary ...lin.

...ard for the marriage of George ...of Hollidaysburg, to Miss Katie ...St. Lawrence, this county, were ...in the Catholic church at the last ...on Sunday last.

...Hagen, Surgeon Dentist, of Johns... ...is at the Mountain House on ...Friday and Saturday of each month, ...will be prepared to do all work ...ing to his profession. 1824-2m.

...should use ...ground crop of phosphate, this al... ...tures you a large yield to the acre, ...equally good for oats and all spring ...sale only at Barkers'.

...ler, the tailor, of Scottdale, will be ...burg on April 27 and 28, with a full ...mples. All persons intending to ...want of clothes this spring will do ...serve their order for him.

...tion of the Governor, this ... ...ard of Pennsylvania will ... ...from July 25 to Aug... During ...pment the annual fall inspection ...t General will take place.

...remainder a superior wall finish. Bet... ...all kalsomines or whitewash, is ...durable, will not crumble or peel ...good for inside or outside work. ...at Dr. Zimmerman's drug store.

...tal of John Gardner for the mur... ...father-in-law, John Warfel, ...Saturday last at Huntingdon. The ...being out for about five hours re... ...verdict of murder in the second ...the verdict meets with universal

...sler's English Cough Remedy, ...e Worm Powders, Improved Liv... ...d Blood Purifier, Dr. King's New ...Boehler's Arnica Salve and no... ...ers, can be bought at cost at Dr. ...'s drug store.

...ong township, Indiana county, ...ne of an elopement a few days ...Waeob, heretofore a respecta... ...with a wife and two daughters, ...with the wife of his neighbor, ...lor. Mrs. Bailor took with her ...children.

...tromer school of Washington ...ended a very successful term of ...on Tuesday, taught by Mr. F. P. ...ept the last seven days, which ...t by Miss Anna Garrett, on ac... ...r. Moyer accepting a position at ...the P. R. R.

...oys while playing in a field a... ...from Altoona on Friday last, ...dead body of an infant child in a ...had been buried, but not sufficient... ...to prevent the rains from washi... ...shallow covering. A physician ...de opinion that the child was not

...P. Perry, of Wilmore, was knock... ...robbed in that place of about ...in money, on Friday night last ...Pringle and John Mullen, both ...neighborhood. They afterward ...freight train and went to Gallitzin ...were arrested the next morning ...to jail.

...four of New York's greatest ...when they have a patient with a ...putation, three months to find ...country doctor would pronounce ...ated sore throat in a country ...a few minutes. But then the ...doctors have an electric light to ...throat with.

...S. Reigh, formerly of Altoona, ...Ohio and Mississippi passenger ...day morning at Mount Vernon, ...was killed. It is supposed that ...he arose from his berth and ...the platform. He leaves a wife ...children, who reside at Hunting... ...is about 50 years of age.

...Huntingdon Fire Company had their ...up Tuesday evening for the pur... ...ing it a trial as to its working ...drawing water from a well. Our ...are still frozen, and in case of ...a source of supply would be from ...We did not witness the trial but ...and that it proved satisfactory.

...Robert Criste, of Milton, Northum... ...county, Pa., paid our office a visit ...last, and as he is one of the kind ...we are always welcome in a print... ...we were glad to see him. He vis... ...ountain to attend the funeral of ...Mrs. Thomas Criste, of Washing... ...ton, whose death is noticed in an...

—If you would raise good potatoes, and lots of them to the acre, call at Barker's and get a bag of potato fertilizer, and a barrel of fertilizing salt, these articles are prepared especially for potatoes, and you will always get a big crop, by using them.

—The *Public Herald* of Philadelphia, published by Lum Smith, is a paper that should be taken by every business man. It makes a business of exposing frauds and cheats all over the country, and is invaluable for that purpose alone. Price only 50 cents a year.

—Here is a problem for the school boys and girls to figure out: A grocer had a stone used in weighing, which weighed 40 pounds. It so happened that he let it fall one day and broke it into four pieces. After that he found that he could weigh any number of pounds from 1 to 40. Required to know the weight of each piece.

—A few years ago no one thought of using phosphate with anything but wheat, but of late it has been proven that phosphate is of great advantage to spring crops, and those who have used it for corn and oats want it again in order to meet the demand. V. S. Barker & Bro.'s have just received a car load suitable for all spring crops, don't fail to try a bag or two.

—Read the advertisement of Mr. Lorenzo Driggs of the Ebensburg Steam Flouring Mills in another column. Mr. Driggs some time ago purchased the Seehler mill property and has been engaged ever since in thoroughly repairing and overhauling the mill. He is now prepared to do first class work and in order to be convinced of the fact give him a trial.

—The following bills passed finalls in the House of Representatives last Thursday: Requiring hotels and other public buildings to provide external fire escapes. Making sales of seated and unseated lands for arrearages of taxes valid and effective, irrespective of the fact whether such lands were seated or unseated at the time of the assessment thereof.

—John T. Long, Esq., of Croyle township, filed his oath as Justice of the Peace on Tuesday last, and lifted his commission. Quite a number of Justices elect are awaiting the return of Judge Johnston in order that he may approve their bonds, that step being necessary before they can be sworn. Mr. Long had his bond approved before Judge Johnston's departure.

—Owing to the lateness of the season the out door work of the farmers will all come at once, and they will be compelled to use every available moment. They can save time and money both by buying at John Owens' store, on High street, where they will always find a well selected stock of boots and shoes, dry goods, dress goods, groceries, and all kinds of canned goods, at bottom prices.

—The water saw mill of Michael Noon on Murray's run, a branch of the Chest creek in Carroll township, was burned to the ground on Thursday night of last week.—The fire is supposed to have originated from a heating stove in the mill, there having been a fire made with the intention of running the mill that night, but for some reason or other the mill was not operated.—Loss about $500; no insurance.

—A rather novel proceeding occurred in Court at Scranton a few days ago, in a divorce case. One of jurors rose and protested against counsel for the plaintiff addressing the cross-bar that his time was too valuable to be detained in that way. Two other jurors expressed like sentiments. The Court ordered the jury to be discharged and continued until the next few... without comment.

Seventy students are already enrolled in the Ebensburg Normal School. The coming session promises to be more numerously attended than any previous session. The teachers of the county and should be attended by those who are preparing to teach. Reports show that schools throughout the country were never so well attended as at present. The graduating class at the Indiana State Normal School is the largest one ever graduated from that institution.

A young man named Durbin Knoeton, whose home is in New York city, was run over by the cars in the Altoona yard, on Wednesday morning last. He was watching for an opportunity to board a freight train, when a section of a train came along and passed over him, knocking him down, and passing over his left arm crushing it from the shoulder to the elbow. He was taken to the office of the railroad company's physician where the arm was amputated, and he was then taken to the Blair county almshouse.

—On Saturday night of last week, the tenement house of George Hugus, near Pleasant Unity, Westmoreland county, was entirely destroyed by fire, supposed to have been caused by a defective flue. The building was occupied by Samuel Miller and family, consisting of his wife and six children, all of whom narrowly escaped being roasted alive. The family were awakened by the house and soon had the unlucky burning house barely in time to save their lives, some of them having nothing on but their night clothes. The building and contents are a total loss, being uninsured.

—The Blair county court adopted the following rule: "Now April 14, 1885, Hereafter no licences to sell liquor will be granted to keepers of hotels, inns or taverns, unless the applicant shall accompany his petition with an affidavit setting forth that he has kept a hotel register during the year preceding his application; that said register contains the daily record of the names of strangers and travelers lodged and fed by him during the preceding year, said applicant as shown by his register lodged and fed strangers and travelers not residents of the city, borough or township where said hotel is situated."

—Mr. Joseph Bearer, of Carroll township, returned from Westmoreland county on Thursday of last week, bringing with him seven hundred small carp and fourteen larger ones; the latter averaging in length from six to twelve inches. These fish are intended to stock his pond which he recently built, and if they do well, which we have no doubt they will, Mr. Bearer will be among the first of our enterprising farmers that will have the gratification of eating carp of his own raising. Every farmer in the county should have a pond, as it is now a well demonstrated fact in other places where the people are abreast of the times, that fish can be raised with as much profit and much less care than poultry. A fish dinner once or twice a week will be a nice thing and when Joe begins to look slick on it his neighbors will find and what do-s it and find that they are dow or six years behind time. Build yourself a pond now and don't be too far behind.

—Hon. D. D. Evans, a native of this place and a son of the late David Evans (mason), and who is known to our older citizens, lives in Danville Ill, and is Judge of the Vermilion county Court. A Circuit Judge is soon to be elected in his district, and the Hoopestown *Chronicle* and the Danville *Daily News* agree that he is just the man for the position. The *Chronicle* says he "has practiced law in Danville for many years and has acquired an enviable reputation. Two or three years ago he was elected Judge of the county court, and his administration of the affairs of that office has been such as to gain the confidence of the people of the county and the whole Vermilion county bar, without exception, and to increase the business of the office until it is hardly second in importance to that of the Circuit Court. Judge Evans would do right to be elected." In endorsing Judge and so the *Daily News* says Judge Evans could bring to the Circuit bench "ability, purity and dignity."

—The remains of the man found in the hollow log near South Fork are believed to be those of Charles Harper, a native of Georgia, but who has been residing in this... ...ing from the left hand of the body identically with those of Harper coincided his amputated by the coal... ...years ago. He was of intemperate habits and probably died from exposure.

—The steam mill belonging to Messrs. Gittings, Lewis & Jones, in Cambria township, about seven miles from this place, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night of last week. The fire is supposed to have originated from a smouldering spark which was fanned into a flame after the mill had shut down for the day. We have not been able to learn what their loss is estimated at, but suppose it to be about $1000 on which there was no insurance.

—It is a curious fact that one of the most famous poems in our language appeared originally in a magazine that seldom touches poetry at all, and the same periodical, after an interval of sixty-six years, now brings out another poem very similar in theme.—Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was first printed in the *North American Review* for September, 1817. The May number of the *Review*, just out, has a poem by Robert Buchanan on "The New Buddha." The critics found fault with Mr. Bryant's poem on the ground that it was un Christian; it remains to be seen what they will say of Mr. Buchanan's. The question, "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" is ably discussed in this number by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Bishop J. L. Spalding. President J. L. Pickard writes on "Why Crime is Increasing," and David Dudley Field on "Industrial Co-operation," while Prof. Andrew F. West, of Princeton, contributes an article of great clearness and strength on "What is Academic Freedom?" James Payn, the English novelist, discusses "Success in Fiction," and T. F. Thiselton Dyer "Superstition in English Life." The new department of Comments keeps well up to the standard with which it started.

President Cleveland to Join the Veterans at Gettysburg.

In pursuance of the plan adopted by the veterans of the late war to visit, each spring, some one of the celebrated battle-fields of the Union, the pilgrimage will this season be made to Gettysburg. The time fixed for the visit is May 4th and 5th.

The great success attending the previous visits of the veterans to Fredericksburg and elsewhere, and the wide interest manifested by the old soldiers of both armies, indicates that the Gettysburg meeting will not only be largely attended, but highly valuable, from an historical point of view, and full of interest to the participants in the scenes enacted there twenty two years ago. The meeting will bring together numbers of the most distinguished men of the land. The President, with his Cabinet; the "War Governors" and present Governors of the States, distinguished officers and soldiers of both armies, and men prominent in the councils of the nation, will honor the occasion with their presence. Not only from the vicinity of the field will the veterans come, but from States North, South, East and West, soldier... ...are sending assurances of their attendance.

The pilgrimage is made under the auspices of the First and other Corps of the Army of the Potomac, but the invitation covers every officer and soldier of the late war.

In order to accommodate the visitors the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its lines to Gettysburg, on May 3d, 4th, and 5th, good to return until the 6th inclusive, at greatly reduced rates.

Fireman Killed.

A young man named Jacob Charles De Vitz, a fireman on the Pennsylvania Railroad was killed in the tunnel, at Gallitzin, on Sunday last about five o'clock in the morning. He was firing on a freight engine pulling a freight train west, and while in the tunnel he left his seat on the engine and started back over the tender. When the train emerged from the tunnel he was missed, and search was made for him, when he was found lying between the wall and the north track fatally injured, his right arm and leg ground off, and his skull crushed. He was still living when found, and was carried out to Gallitzin where everything done for him that was possible, but his case was hopeless, and he died in about an hour after the accident. His remains were taken to Altoona where they were prepared for burial, and on Monday were taken to his father's residence at Three Springs, Huntingdon county. He was about 27 years of age and unmarried. Squire F. J. Parrish summoned a jury, who went to Altoona on Sunday afternoon, and after viewing the body, found a verdict of accidental death.

Married His Mother's Sister.

According to the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, a man named Bracken, of Kinevil Station, some time ago married his aunt, and, the pair being childless, they took three children from the Westmoreland County Home, but abused them so shamefully that Secretary Craven, of the Humane Society, felt it to be his duty to interfere and take the children from them. The Greensburg *Press* says the man is J. S. Bracken and the woman's name was formerly Mrs. Repine, and that she is his mother's sister. They live in Burrington township, Indiana county. Humane Agent Cline, of Greensburg, has now got his dander up, and will make information against Bracken for the abuse of the children. The man Bracken is a son of Mr. James Bracken, of Blacklick township, this county, and his wife was the widow of the late Milton Roberts, Esq., of this place. She has been married several times, and her present husband is her sister's son.

Fell Through a Bridge.

John Ehringer, a fruit... ...salesman, of Altoona, met with a serious accident at Lilyemore, last Wednesday night. The train on which he was running stopped on a siding, when he started to walk along the track and, being unacquainted with the road-bed of that locality, fell from the trestle of the bridge, a distance of about twenty feet, breaking his right thigh bone and sustaining other injuries. The unfortunate young man was removed to his home and his wounds dressed by railroad physicians at Bellwille and Altoona. He had been employed in the Altoona yards for several years, and this was his first trip over that section of the road and likewise his first accident.

Resolutions.

The following resolutions were read at the meeting of the Dauntless Fire Company on Monday evening:

WHEREAS, S. S. Jamison & Co., by giving the use of the Cambria Skating Rink and skates to the Dauntless Fire Company for the Carnival night, free of charge, and also by assisting us in person and by their employes in making the Carnival a success, have placed us under great obligations to them for their generosity, therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby tender them our sincere thanks for their kindness and that we recognize in their conduct a spirit of public interest worthy of our recognition;

Resolved, That the secretary hand a copy of these resolutions to the Cambria FREEMAN and Cambria *Herald* for publication.

Recent Deaths.

Joseph Eberly, an inmate of the asylum for the ... at Dixmont for the past five years, from this county, died in that institution on Sunday, aged thirty-three years. The parents of the deceased reside in Conemaugh borough.

Mr. John Durborrow, one of the oldest residents of Gallitzin, died at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. J. H. Gibson, in that town, on Tuesday last, aged about 88 years.

TAKES EFFECT AT ONCE.

Superintendent Stewart, of Har... addressed a letter recently to the ... Attorney General asking whether ... be taught in the public schools goes into ... at once or not until June, 1886.

Deputy Attorney General Snodgrass (on behalf of the Attorney General) replied as follows:

"It is a well established principle of statutory construction in Pennsylvania that unless otherwise declared, an act of Assembly takes effect from the date of its passage, which includes all the forms required by the Constatution to give it the force and effect of a law. Under this rule the act in question will take effect from its approval, unless another date has been specifically fixed or is necessarily implied. An examination of the act, however, does not disclose any intention of the Legislature to postpone in its operation to a date subsequent to its passage.

"The effect of the third section, which seems to have suggested the doubt in your mind in connection with the repealing section, is simply to so suspend the school laws in respect to examinations in the new branch until the first Monday in June, 1886. In other words until, that date physiology and hygiene shall be included in the branches required to be taught in the common schools, but teachers who are otherwise qualified are not required to pass an examination in this branch as a condition precedent to their employment until the beginning of the school year of 1886.

"I am well aware that this construction may result in very imperfect instruction in the new branch of study during the first year, but I can reach no other conclusion without violating the plainest principles of statutory interpretation, which are paramount to questions of expediency, and must control even if the results are unsatisfactory.

"I am clearly of the opinion, therefore, that your department is required to give effect to this act as soon as practicable, without disturbing the harmony of the school system, which will naturally be at the beginning of the next school year, although an examination as to the new studies is not necessary as a qualification to teach until the first Monday in June, 1886."

Able To Pay Her Debts.

The following incident is related by the Bellefonte *News*: "When the Commissioners of the District of Columbia took official cognizance of the charges against the Pennsylvania militia, much indignation was expressed by the prominent Pennsylvanians in Washington at the undue amount of publicity given the unfortunate affair.

"The 'Old War Governor,' immediately on hearing of it went to the office of the District Commissioners to put a stop to the mountainous proportions of the newspaper gossip about it. He asked the value of the stolen property. The amount was $70. The Governor, true defender of the good name and interests of the Keystone State, tendered his check then and there, for the above amount, which the Commissioners declined to receive. 'Take it,' insisted the Governor, 'and say the d—m newspaper talk.' 'But,' objected the Commissioners, 'it is no debt of yours. We have no right to receive your money for it.' 'Take it,' earnest ly pleaded the Governor; 'Pennsylvania will pay me. She is rich enough to pay all her debts.'"

A POSITIVE GUARANTEE is given that every article sold at the Golden Eagle Clothing House, Altoona, Pa., is lower in price than the same quality and make can be bought elsewhere. And remember, right here, that it makes no difference how low a price other clothiers may ask for their goods, or what inducements they may offer for your patronage the prices will always be lower ... GOLDEN EAGLE CLOTHING HOUSE, 1301 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, Pa.

HYMENEAL.

ADAMS—FARABAUGH.—Married, Tuesday, April 21, 1885, at St. ... town, by the Rev. Father Maximilian, O. S. B., Mr. George Thomas Adams to Miss —— Farabaugh.

FARREL—SNYDER.—Married, on Tuesday, April 21, 1885 at St. Boniface church, Carrolltown, by Rev. Father Anselm, O. S. B., Mr. Francis Farrell to Miss Rose Snyder, both of Carroll township.

OBITUARY.

LANGENFELDER.—Died at St. Benedict's Monastery, Carrolltown, on Saturday morning, April 18th, 1885, Father EDMUND LANGENFELDER, O. S. B., aged 62 years.

The deceased was born on the 16th of August 1823, at a town named Leichlich, Bavaria. He came to this country prior to 1857 having made his studies at Munich and Ratisbon, and joined the Benedictine Order making his solemn vows on July 26, 1857, at St. Vincent's Abbey, Westmoreland county, and was ordained May 29, 1858, at the same Abbey. He spent his priesthood on the Mission at Atchison, Kansas, part of Iowa and Minnesota, and at Johnstown, St. Mary's and Carrolltown in this State. He had devoted his life to the service of God and he was endeared and beloved by the congregation to which he ministered. His untiring zeal and fidelity with which he performed his duties. While health and strength remained, he devoted all his energies to the spiritual welfare of his flock, to the advancement of religion, to the service of his Maker and his God and was that of a faithful servant of God checked with the hopes of a blessed immortality. He was buried on Tuesday last at St. Benedict's cemetery at Carrolltown, after the celebration of a grand Requiem High Mass for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace.

ADAMS.—Died, in Allegheny township, on Sunday morning, April 19, 1885, Annie, eldest daughter of T. W. Adams, aged about 21 years.

A devout Christian young woman, who assiduously attended to the duties of her church, society, and of a home, and to all, and to everyone she met, her gentle ways will long be remembered. She suffered much with great patience; and was resigned alike to go from earth to a better country. She left a pleasant, quiet life ... on her father's place, where she was born, but the fairest earthly scenes could not hold mortal bodies. May she rest in peace.

When the quiet evening gathers
All the tired workers home,
Then the father, sisters, brothers,
Tell the sad fireside song.
After milking-time and resting,
There is one we miss full sore.—
From the plowing and the seedings,
She will never call her more.

O, the birds will warble blithely
As she crossed on the hill!
And the blossoms of the Spring-time
Will the trees and bushes fill;
And the corn will wave and flourish
In the field above the lane;
Then her memory dear we'll cherish,
Till we meet her once again!—A. D. H.

O'DONNELL.—Died at the residence of her husband Mr. James O'Donnell, at Loretto on Monday, April 20th, 1885, Mrs. —— O'Donnell, aged about 76 years.

The deceased had been a resident of Loretto for nearly forty years and was esteemed and respected by her neighbors and acquaintances for her many virtues. She was a devout member of the Catholic church and her death was fortified by all the consolations of her religion. She leaves to mourn her loss a bereaved husband, two sons, the Rev. James O'Donnell, residing at Morrow, Warren county, Ohio and Charles F. O'Donnell, Esq., of Loretto, and two daughters, Mrs. John Conrad, residing in Altoona, and an unmarried daughter residing in Philadelphia. May she rest in peace.

SCHROTH.—Died at the residence of her son in Carrolltown, on Sunday, April 19, 1885, Mrs. Regina Schroth, aged about 80 years, 9 months and 17 days.

The deceased was probably the oldest resident of Carrolltown having been born in Baden, Germany, on the 2d, of July 1804, and came to this country with her husband, Mr. Martin Schroth, deceased, in 1839, and to Carrolltown in 1842 where she continued to reside until her death. Her living decendants number 4 children, 39 grandchildren and 5 great grand children. May she rest in peace.

CRISTE.—Died at his residence in Washington township, on Saturday, April 18th 1885, Mr. Thomas Criste, aged about 58 years.

The deceased was a well known citizen of Washington township and up to within a few days of his death had been in the enjoyment of good health, when he was suddenly taken sick with ... succeeded after a brief illness. He was a ... father, a good neighbor and his death will be deeply regretted by a large circle of sympathizing relatives and friends.

BOERING.—Died at his residence in Pine township, Indiana county, on Saturday, April 18, 1885, Mr. GABRIEL BOERING, aged 67 years.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

The following transfers of real estate were filed in the Recorder's office, this place, for the week ending April 22, '85:

William C. Stevens to James Douglass, for ... perches in Clearfield township; consideration, $627 50.

Joseph Kantz to Jacob Jacoby, for lot in Stonycreek township; consideration, $1600.

Margaret ... to husband (Enrique) Weaver, for 40 acres in Carroll township; consideration, $500.

Stephen Sanzenbach to Eli Bentzoff, for Cemetery lot in Taylor township; consideration, $10.

Abel Findley to Eli Stutzman, for lot in Taylor township; consideration, $60[illegible].

C. A. Dimond et al. to Sarah E. Monges, for 15 acres and 150 perches in Croyle township; consideration, $900.

P. C. Wertzle of ux. to Elizabeth Jostram, for lot in Carrolltown; consideration, $500.

C. A. Parsons, adm'x. to Jacob Forsht, for 108 acres in Dean township; consideration, $550 80.

Jacob Forsht to John Steele, for ¼ of 108 acres in Dean township; consideration $275 40.

Kind Words for a Good Thing.

Dr. David Kennedy: My wife has used your "Favorite Remedy" for general debility and liver complaint, and is getting strong and well. I can cheerfully recommend its use in every family as a family medicine.—Yours, with gratitude, W. E. LUNDY.

Baltimore, Md.

Ladies Wanted.

A lady is wanted in every city and village, also ladies to travel and solicit orders for Madame Wood's Corsets and Corded Corset Waists. Agents are making from twenty to fifty dollars a week.

Send for circulars and price list to B. Wood, 64 South Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISMENTS.

$500,000 A YEAR.

Statement of the American, National and United States and Canada Express Companies, Troy, N. Y.

The strength of Rome lay not in her multitude, nor in her ... brazen fleets. There were elements of strength, better never-failing resources lay in the self control and disciplines of a great military power. Discipline—it is the very soul to all the wonderful meaning possessed by the word "veteran."—Mr. Benedict, of Troy, is a veteran in the express business. Forty-three years! But I said to the reporter, "I stood at this desk." It is the discipline of years of experience which gives him the position he holds in the trust and esteem of these three great corporations. "We have a business of $500,000 a year, and I've been absent from this office but a month in all that time, although I must confess that many times I've worked here when suffering great pain, for I have been troubled all my life with biliousness and dyspepsia.—My system has become so reduced and weak that I had no appetite, and my digestion wholly disordered. I've tried various remedies, but almost 2 years ago I happened to hit upon Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. After using one bottle or so I began to feel stronger in every way. The great difficulty has been with my digestion, but this seemed to regulate it perfectly. I have, sir, great faith in Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. I have bought ... given a great deal of it to the poor around ... who have no money to ... medicine of any kind, for there are ... many troubled with bilious ... Work ... without aid. I always keep FAVORITE REMEDY in the house. I consider it the best medicine for the blood in the market. Well, I must attend to this matter for the west-ern part of the city. Say, you tell the Doctor I'm coming down to Rondout to see him in August. I want to know him." I left the veteran, still at his post, requiring in health and grateful to Dr. Kennedy.

ADJOURNED ASSIGNEE'S SALE!

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry at the house of Jesse McGough, in the village of Portage, Cambria county, on

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, all situate in Portage township, in said county of Cambria:

No. 1. A hotel property in the village of Portage, now occupied by Peter McGough, Esq., with 2 acres of ground.

No. 2. A number of building lots at Portage.

No. 3. A lot in same village on which is erected two dwelling houses and a blacksmith shop.

No. 4. A lot in same village having thereon erected a large plank frame building and a carpenter shop.

No. 5. Four acres of ground in Portage township, which is erected a ... ... on the north side of Pennsylvania railroad.

No. 7. A piece or parcel of ground in the village of Portage, containing about 8 acres.

No. 8. A tract of land, adjoining lands of F. McNeily, Alexander Grim and others, containing about 50 acres.

No. 9. A piece or parcel of land containing about two acres, adjoining lands of the heirs of William Rossel and others.

No. 10. A piece or parcel of land containing about ten acres, adjoining lands of Philip Hopfer, John Gregory and others.

No. 11. A piece or parcel of land containing 8 acres, adjoining lands of William Lee, Cambria Manufacturing Company and others.

No. 12. A number of building lots in the village of Jamestown, in said township.

TERMS OF SALE.—Five per cent. on each bid to be paid when the property is struck down, the residue of one-third when the sale is confirmed, one-third in one year, and the remaining third in two years, deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

Also, at the same place on the same day, but commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., there will be offered the following personal property, to wit: Two horses, mules, two wagons, set of blacksmith tools, sleigh, spring wagon, lot of lumber, saw logs and other articles. Terms made known at time of sale when a reasonable credit will be given.

THOMAS D. POWERS,
Assignee of Mrs. Rose McGough.

Portage township, April 24, 1885.-td.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF

Washington township road department for the year ending March 9, 1885.

... in account with Washington township, Dr.

To amount of duplicate		$1,389 08
Balance from last settlement		71 09
Stone for private use		2 50—$1,433 57
	CONTRA CR.	
By exonerations		$ 1 20
Taxes worked		222 09
195 days' service as Supervisor		195 00
Orders, etc., received		209 22
Cash paid for work		716 14
Two days at Ex'and expenses		2 30—$1,435 95
Balance due Supervisor		$2 38
VALENTINE CRATZ, Superintendent, Dr.		
To amount of duplicate		$378 29
To amounts from Commissioners		30 57—$408 86
	CONTRA CR.	
By orders receiv...		$ 93
Exonerations		1 20
Cash paid for ...		21 82
Work ...		304 72
85 ... service a Supervisor		85 12—$396 56
Balance due township		$12 30
LIABILITIES.		
Outstanding orders (estimated)		$856 81
ASSETS.		
Balance due from ex-Supervisor	$ 12 36	
Due from Tilly borough (est)	88 03—$ 99 80	
Excess of liabilities over assets		$ 756 51

We, the undersigned Auditors, hereby certify that we have examined the assets and vouchers in the above statement and find them correct.

JAMES NOON,
JOHN MCNAMANY, } Auditors.
ATTEST: JACOB WARNER.
J. BURG,
Washington township, April 23, 1885.-3t.

L. J. DRIGGS

Having purchased the Seehler Mills (in the future to be known as the

EBENSBURG STEAM FLOURING MILLS,

And put it in good repair, is now prepared to grind custom work

ON SHORT NOTICE.

Flour and Feed

Kept constantly on hand at the

LOWEST CASH PRICE.

☞It will be a pleasure for us to wait on all who may favor us with their patronage.

Ebensburg, April 1, 1885.-tf.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.

Estate of ALBERT BENDER, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Albert Bender, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

WALBERG BENDER,
FRANCIS HARRISH, } Executors.

April 24, 1885.-6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

Estate of MATTHIAS STRAWBRIDGE, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Matthias Strawbridge, deceased, late of Allegheny township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same must present them properly authenticated for settlement.

CATHRINE STRAWBRIDGE,
Administratrix.

April 24, 1885.-6t.

Sheriff's Sales.

BY virtues of Sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Vend Exponas and Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, Pa., on

MONDAY, MAY 4, 1885,

At 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of H. T. Herring, of, in and to all that certain tract of land situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the north by lands of John Dougherty, on the east by lands of Jacob Nagle and on the west by lands of James Eckenrode and others, containing 112 acres, more or less, and about 80 acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house and log barn and other outbuildings, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Alexander Beck and B. F. Horner.

Also: All the right, title and interest of Stephen McGarvey, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the village of Morrellville, in the township of Lower Yoder, in the county of Cambria, Pa., bounded on the northwest by Chandler street, on the east by Bethel street, on the southwest by lot of James Heard and west by an alley containing one acre more or less known as lots Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, on Stephen McGarvey's plan, not now occupied.—Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Daniel O'Reilly for use of Charles Zimmerman, Jr., and William M. Bedesh.

Also: All the right, title and interest of James C. Berkey, of, in and to a certain half lot of ground situate in the village of Morrellville, Lower Yoder township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Fairhill avenue and running back to an alley having an alley on the northwest and lot of ground of William Butler on the southwest, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of James C. Berkey. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Charles Zimmerman, Jr., and S. & E. Overdorff.

Also: All the right, title and interest of James C. Berkey, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Lower Yoder, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jacob Stryker, David J. Stryker and Edward Lewis, containing 50 acres, more or less, about 41 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story log house and log barn, now not occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Marshall & Weakland and Charles F. Tyres.

Also: All the right, title and interest of Joseph Heagle, of, in and to that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the village of Barnstown, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining land of David J. Horner on the west and south, Noble Mohler on the east and Conrad Worth on the northwest, containing 2 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story log house, frame stable and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Andrew Kunkle. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Augustus Myers.

Also: All the right, title and interest of James Kelly, of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situate in the village of Ebensburg, county of Cambria, Pa., fronting on Pratt street road and running back to lot of Charles Reiser and adjoining lot of Thomas Kelly and Charles Reiser, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and outbuildings, now in the occupancy of James Kelly. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of T. J. Sloan, use of Jones.

Also: All the right, title and interest of Pat Connell, of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situate in the village of Taylor, county of Cambria, Pa., fronting on the Ebensburg and Johnstown road and running back to an alley adjoining lands of Rodger McAvalley on the northeast and Thomas Govern on the southeast, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and outbuilding, now in the occupancy of Pat Connell. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of James B. McLaughlin, Administrator cum test. mento annexo of Peter Kearns, deceased.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down and the remaining two-thirds at the confirmation of the deed.

D. A. LUTHER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 7, 1885.

Sheriff's Sales.

BY virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias Vend Exponas and Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, Pa., on

MONDAY, MAY 4, 1885,

At 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of Elwin Bishop, of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situate in the township of Lower Yoder, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the Bedford pike 65 feet and running back to an alley 176 feet, having an alley on the northwest and lot of George Eichenauer on the southeast, having thereon erected a two-story plank house and other outbuildings, not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Edmund Bishop.

Also: All the right, title and interest of Eliza Peckworth, of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situate in the township of Stonycreek, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the Bedford pike 65 feet and running back to an alley 176 feet, having an alley on the northwest and lot of George Eichenauer on the southeast, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and stable, now in the occupancy of Eliza Peckworth and Wm. Johnson. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Alexander Beck and B. F. Horner.

Also: All the right, title and interest of Stephen McGarvey, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the village of Morrellville, in the township of Lower Yoder, in the county of Cambria, Pa., bounded on the northwest by Chandler street, on the east by Bethel street, on the southwest by lot of James Heard and west by an alley containing one acre more or less known as lots Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, on Stephen McGarvey's plan, not now occupied.—Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Daniel O'Reilly for use of Charles Zimmerman, Jr., and William M. Bedesh.

Also: All the right, title and interest of James C. Berkey, of, in and to a certain half lot of ground situate in the village of Morrellville, Lower Yoder township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Fairhill avenue and running back to an alley having an alley on the northwest and lot of ground of William Butler on the southwest, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of James C. Berkey. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Charles Zimmerman, Jr., and S. & E. Overdorff.

Also: All the right, title and interest of James C. Berkey, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Lower

A QUESTION OF HONOR.

Shall Literary Property be Protected? —The Fight for an International Copyright Law.

The American Copyright League have issued the following address which is attracting much attention. Its clear and outspoken tone and the prominent names attached to it will commend it to the attention of all thinking men and women:

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1885.

To the Public: The American Copyright League, for fourteen months, has urged the passage of an international copyright law, giving foreigners property in their books when published in this country. A bill was introduced last winter in the House of Representatives, and another bill in the Senate this winter; but the Forty-eighth Congress has adjourned without acting upon either.

This neglect inflicts great injustice on American citizens engaged in authorship.

Nearly fifty years have passed since international copyright was first pressed upon Congress. It has received the support of Webster, Clay, Everett, Sumner, and other statesmen. It has been thus winter; and the Forty-eighth Congress has adjourned without acting upon either.

This neglect inflicts great injustice on American citizens engaged in authorship.

Nearly fifty years have passed since international copyright was first pressed upon Congress. It has received the support of Webster, Clay, Everett, Sumner, and other statesmen. It has been recommended in Presidential messages. Petitions, petitions, executive recommendations, have all failed to procure action by our law-makers. Clay and Webster in 1837 made a report, saying:

"Authors and inventors are among the greatest benefactors of mankind. * * * It being established that literary property is entitled to protection, it results that this protection ought to be afforded wherever the property is situated. * * * We should all be shocked if the law tolerated the least invasion of the rights of property in the case of merchandise, whilst those which justly belong to the children of authors are exposed to daily violation."

We are not working for a scheme to make books dear. In France, where literary property is sedulously guarded and the greatest liberality is shown to foreign authors, the system of cheap books flourishes. But the price is regulated fairly, by the law of supply and demand, as in the case of other commodities.

We are not working in favor of a monopoly. The only question of monopoly involved is that of the men who are now allowed to monopolize without cost the work of other men's brains and hands.

Our object is not to injure any industry—either type making, paper making, printing, or publishing. It is simply to defend (not by taxation, but by proper safeguards) that form of industry which produces written works, pictures, and musical compositions. American authorship struggles against a ruinous competition with foreign works that are not paid for.

How would day-laborers like it, if they were forced to compete with other laborers kidnapped from abroad and obliged to work here *gratis*, without even being purchased, as slaves were? What would type-founders and paper-makers think of the situation, if type-metal and paper-stock were stolen from abroad and sold here, against goods which they had bought honestly? How would Senators and Representatives relish the notion that their speeches and services, being merely the expression of ideas, ought not to be paid for? What would lawyers and physicians say if told that their knowledge, put into the form of written or spoken opinions, was public property and not entitled to pecuniary reward?

Congress excludes Chinese labor, because it interferes with white labor. But Congress still compels the American who writes a book to offer his labor in the market against labor which is not merely cheap, but is actually unpaid.

The property of foreign patentees is defended in this country, but the foreign playwright is allowed a perpetual property here, in his acted play. But the foreign author of a book is condemned to a status worse than the slave's: he is the victim of public plundering.

By permitting such an outrage, the United States is destroying its own authors at home, and leaves them exposed to exclusive piracy abroad. Such a policy, based upon dishonesty and injustice, must undermine all the supposed benefit to popular intelligence, derivable from the confiscation of foreign literature.

We call upon every one who cares for national honor and dignity, for fair play, public morality, or the spread of American ideas in a free and vigorous American literature, to aid in agitating this subject, and in securing at least a full discussion of it from the Forty-ninth Congress. We believe that the people will heartily approve the suppression of a petty meanness towards foreign and American authors, which is unworthy of any enlightened nation—especially a nation that assumes to be great and liberal as well as rich.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
American Copyright League.

John Bigelow,	Laurence Hutton,
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G. P. LATHROP, Secretary,
78 E. 55th Street, New-York.
R. U. JOHNSON, Treasurer,
33 E. 17th Street, New-York.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary, and contributions for the fund of the League, to the Treasurer, as above.

No Poetry in A Maiden's Love.

It was divinely announced in the early history of the world that "it was not good for man to be alone," and the announcement has received the almost universal endorsement of our race, especially the male portion of our race. It may be that some are discouraged by frequent failures—that is, those who failed to marry those they wished. To the male sex this would seem to apply, as it is supposed that the miss usually do the courting. But a close observer will sometimes admit that the ladies take part in it. I once heard of a party who asked a lady of over three-score years how old a lady would become before she would relinquish the idea of marriage, and the answer was, "My son, go ask some one older than I." People will marry. It is necessary that they should. But they should love first. Those who write of love usually treat the subject with too much levity, and associate it with soft glances, moonlight walks and poetry. Love and poetry go hand in hand sometimes, but poetry is generally left—left away in the background. The young man when he first gets in love is a poet in his own conceit. The girl does not gainsay. She has a practical idea of love, and whether or not she reciprocates the passion of the young fellow who is letting out his soul to her, she will knock all the poetry out of him on the first round.—*Pastor Hammond.*

The Carnation Disease.

A Long Island horticulturalist is of the opinion that there is no cure whatsoever. The only way to get rid of this disease, he believes, is: Take every carnation, old and young, on and about the place, and burn them. Now we may start afresh. We can buy nicely rooted cuttings of the leading sorts for from $10 to $12 a thousand, and that is cheap enough surely. These we may plant in pots or shallow boxes, or in a frame at any rate, keep them in a till they are strong enough to plant out in the open garden, and the ground is ready to receive them. But be careful not to introduce them into any house or frame recently vacated by your old or diseased plants, nor, for safety's sake, use for them any of the soil in which the old plants grew.

But how about the finest lot of plants? How are we to know that the new plants are not from a stock as diseased as our own old ones? See them and judge for yourself. If you are a market grower and depend for a living on your cut flower sales, it will never pay you to expose much as one diseased carnation about your place; and if you have to buy a clean stock, go yourself and see the stock from which the young ones were taken before you buy. Look around among your neighbors, and particularly among the market men.

How Greenback Paper is Made.

All the paper for the money issued by the United States Government is manufactured on a sixty-two inch Fourdriner machine, at the Glen Mills, near Westchester, Pa. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and the finished stuff is conducted to the wire without passing through any screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth, a shower of short pieces of fine blue silk thread is dropped in streaks upon the paper while it is being formed. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped, is the one used for the face of the notes, and, from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than the reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed. The mill is guarded by officials night and day to prevent the abstraction of any paper.

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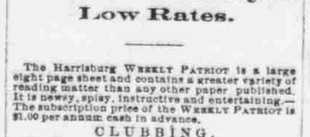

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A WORTHY OLD CUSTOM.

Planting a Fruit Tree When a Child is Born.

A beautiful custom was once in vogue in Switzerland, which could be turned to valuable account in this country if generally adopted. When a child was born, a fruit tree was planted at some place along the highway, the fruit of which was always free to the passer-by. The pride of the parent would always be to plant a choice specimen of its kind, and so highly esteemed was this custom, that no one would injure the tree in any respect but rather, if possible, promote its growth. The child, when of sufficient age, would feel a pride in nursing the tree, and also, realizing its ownership, feel identified with the country and imbibe from its earliest recollection a spirit of patriotism. If it is more blessed to give than to receive, then there can be no simpler and easier way to bring the child early into possession of this blessedness, than by such a gift of fruit which may be as acceptable at least to the wayfarers, as a cup of cold water to a thirsty traveler.

This custom of tree-planting might be carried much farther and only profitable results follow. A line of shade trees along the land—and where is there a farm, without a lane?—adds immensely to the homelike appearance of the farm, making it a pleasant and comfortable summer's drive for young and old, and why may not those trees be fruit trees? Cherry, mulberry and peach, with elm, walnut and maple alternated, blending their foliage and their health-giving fruits for man's pleasure and benefit. One of the ways of keeping the children at home is by making home pleasant, and nothing adds so much to the pleasantness as to have shady walks lined with flowers to greet the eye and the songs of birds to greet the ear. The trees and flowers we must supply and in doing so we induce the birds to come and abide with us.

WHERE IS GOD TODAY?

This question was asked by the five-year-old child of Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, of Virginia.

A blue-eyed boy, while sporting at his play,
Asked this question, "Pa, where is God today?"
The man of years and thought could not reply,
And only answered by the saddest sigh:
The question comes to all of the olden time
Have asked this question of the earth and sky,
But never yet in any land or clime
Have we been satisfied with the reply.
We built great temples to the God we make
And worship something till we're old and gray,
But from the aching heart we can not take
The simple question, "Where is God today?"
Perhaps the little child might tell us now
Where God, in all his power, reigns on high,
Where wreaths immortal crown the boyish brow,
And worlds unnumbered shine beyond the sky.

JOHN A. JOYCE.

A Clergyman on Shavings.

Rev. Dr. Paxton in a lecture before the Mechanics' and Tradesmen's Union, of New York city, a few evenings ago, stated in a few words many truisms. Shavings, the lecturer said, were not of American invention, like whittling but were as ancient as the working of metals by Tubal Cain. There are the necessary waste of every work. There is a certain loss from every gain; there is no building without the unsightly heap to remove, which requires almost as many carts as to bring the building material. The fewest substances in nature are found pure. Construction is based upon destruction. Every joy supposes a sorrow. The door posts of progress are sprinkled with the blood of its martyrs, and along the way are scattered like whitened bones the skeletons of those who have fallen in the path. We cannot get something for nothing; for every tit there is a tat. The wrecks of rich men's sons to be seen everywhere show that it is as hard to keep as to get. Without toil there is no substance; hence the recklessness with which estates are squandered, without any regard for the toils and hardships that had to be undergone to procure them. It may be likened to the sacrifice of human life at the battle of Bunker Hill, through which the salvation of our country was procured.

The Editor and the Preacher.

Some time ago the editor of the *Weekly Fire Fly* and the preacher of Mt. Josiah church exchanged places, not only in a nominal way, but made an actual transfer of property. We take these extracts from the first number of the *Fire Fly* which appeared after the change had taken place:

We have shouldered the responsibility of running this paper, and we request our subscribers to pay up at once and act. Stand that Anderson creek. We under his fingers the other day. We hope it may pray that he may get along all right. A cow belonging to Jim Polk McGaughish lost one of her horns last week. We pray that she may recover. A man named Skaggs was killed at Bailey's Ford last Monday. We are thankful that it is no worse. We pray that the legislature may not forget to adjourn. We trust that crops will be better next season. We hope that the severest part of the winter has passed. We have faith in our ability to run this paper. The editor, without embarrassment, took his place in the pulpit, but he soon became confused. Striking the book of books, he said: "Hereafter we will not receive old nails in exchange for our gospel. Turnips will do very well, but we are on a cash basis now. Never before was this pulpit in such a flourishing condition, and advertisers should make a note of this fact. Our mourner's bench goes to every postoffice in the county. Now is the time to become a deacon of this church, two dollars per year, one dollar for six months, and sample copy sent free. The text says that trains going north arrive at two o'clock P. M. This cannot be disputed, for it was spoken of by Jeremiah, saying: Oh, ye generation of vipers, see advertisment in another column."—*Arkansas Traveler*

Ages of Actors.

Florence is not the only actor before the public whose age belies his acting, as will be seen by the following list:

Lucrece Barrett was born in New York, N. Y., 1836.
Edwin Booth, born at Hartford, near Baltimore, November, 1833.
Mrs. D. P. Bowers, born at Stamford, Conn., March 12, 1830.
Dion Boucicault, born at Dublin, Ireland, December 26, 1820.
C. W. Couldock, born at Long Acre, London, April 26, 1825.
J. S. Clarke, born at Philadelphia, 1833.
Mrs John Drew, born in England, January 10, 1818.
Rose Eytinge, born at Philadelphia, Pa., 1836.
Charles Fisher, born at London, England, 1816.
W. J. Florence, born at Albany, N. Y., July 26, 1831.
John Gilbert, born at Boston, Mass., 1810.
Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, born at Rochdale, Lancashire, England, October 21, 1820.
Barton Hill, born at Dover, England, 1828.
Joseph Jefferson, born at Philadelphia, Pa., February 20, 1829.
Mrs. W. G. Jones, born at Chatham, England, 1828.
Lotta, born at New York, N. Y., 1847.
John McCullough, born in Ireland, 1837.
Frank Mayo, born in Boston, Mass., April 19, 1839.
Maggie Mitchell, born at New York, N. Y., 1832.
John E. Owens, born at Liverpool, Eng., 1823.
Tony Pastor, born at New York, N. Y., 1833.
John T. Raymond, born at Buffalo, N. Y., April, 1836.
Mme. Ristori, born at Friuli, Italy, 1822.
Stewart Robson, born at Annapolis, Md., March 4, 1836.
J. H. Stoddard, born at Barnsley, Yorkshire, England, October 21, 1827.
J. B. Studley, born at Boston, Mass., 1831.
D. Lester Wallack, born at New York, N. Y., 1818.

She Didn't Agree With Them.

Two ladies entered a Fort street car one day recently and took seats beside a lady well known to one of them. She saw her friend an introduction and direct this one remarked: "I think I saw you at the —Street Church one Sunday several weeks ago. Didn't I?" "Yes." "You aimed to be as much disgusted with the sermon as I was, for I saw that you were terribly uneasy." "Yes," again. "Did you ever hear a worse preacher in all yir life?" "Well, perhaps." "I never did and I havn't been there since." The conversation then rattled off on some other subject and by and by the ladies got off. "I wonder why she didn't agree with me about that preacher?" querie the one who had blasted him. "Why, ow could you expect her to?" explained the other. "She's that very minister's wife!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Jimmy Gets an Appointment.

"I shall have to ask you to look out for Jimmy," said the coffee-pourer, the other morning.

"What's the matter with the scamp?"

"There ain't nothin' the matter with me. Give us 'nother cake"

"He is very disobedient. He will do nothing I ask him to."

"Well, pop, I'll leave it to you. She sent me on a foreign mission to bring home the washin' when she'd nothing but secretary of the interior. He hain't any right to, has she, now"

"I see, James. Your extior has not been properly attended to. I have an appointment with you in the cear basement tomorrow immediately after breakfast is over."—*Hartford Times.*

Useful Receipes.

Molasses Cake.—Three eggs, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one quart of flour, one large spoonful of soda, and a half cup of sour milk. Add the soda dissolved in the sour milk last. Season highly with ginger alone, or ginger, cinnamon, and cloves. Roll out and cut into round cakes, baking in a stove pan.

Pudding.—One of whose recommendations is that it has not at all the flavor of carrot. Take the yolks of fifteen eggs, beat them up very light, and add to them fifteen tablespoonfuls of white sugar and fifteen of melted butter; boil a few carrots, mash them up fine, and strain them through a colander. Take four even tablespoonfuls of this carrot and add it to the pudding. The color imparted is beautifully rich, and the pudding as elegant as a transparent one. Bake in puff paste; eat when warm, not hot, and sprinkle thickly over the top with sugar and nutmeg.

Prune Pickle.—Take five pounds of dried Turkish prunes, wash through several waters to cleanse, then put them in a broad-mouthed stone jar, pour over them boiling water, and let them steep until they are plump, like fresh plums, but be sure and let the skins be broken. Now put on to boil in a preserving kettle one quart of vinegar, one pound and a half of sugar, a tea-spoonful of ground cloves, and the same quantity of cinnamon; as soon as the vinegar boils, pour it hot over the prunes, from which every particle of water has been drained. This pickle is a novelty, and particularly grateful in the spring, when the supplies of the store-closet are apt to run low. A yet more economical way of preparing prunes as pickle, which we have found just treasonably successfully, is to use the syrup left from our jar of sweet peach pickle made in the fall. The having been all used, a quantity of spiced syrup is thus utilized, which would otherwise have been of no use at all.

Game Birds.

"W. H. B., of Gordon Co., Ga., writes to the Country Gentleman: Various persons are claiming that Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, and other breeds, are better than Games, but I beg to say that the Games have proved for us the best, taking all things into consideration. They have the hardiest constitutions, are more industrious, and best mothers I have ever seen. Hens of good games will fly up into the air after a hawk that attacks their young, and also fight dogs and other fowls in the same yard, if they are molested. They are good layers, and by judicious crossing, Plymouth Rock cocks and Game hens, when grown, and hens of 6 pounds. My father raised 107 chickens one year from the eggs laid by one hen, by setting her eggs under other hens. I have often had Game hens to live to be ten or twelve years, and lay well even at that age. A man in Murray county, Ga., who raises Game fowls for sale, never keeps but four or five hens, and he often raises from those hens 150 to 200 chickens, and sets the eggs under the same hens. But he gives them good attention, and weans the chickens when they are small, and then begin to lay soon after weaning their brood. He says he has never lost a single chicken with cholera in 35 years. His fowls have as much ground to roam over as they desire—going into the forest, and scratching among the leaves for worms and bugs. This makes their feet free from gout, and their legs rarely scale or become diseased.

A cross of Game and Dorkings, or Game and Cochin Chinas, is sooner large enough to eat, but the flesh is not so fine and delicate. One Game cock is sufficient for a flock of 50 or 100 hens, if they are kept well together, and no prettier bird has ever been seen than a deep red Game cock, with yellow legs and deep red comb, high head and tail, when in full, with his fence and sends forth a long, ringing crow, showing his indomitable courage and good blood.

The Blind

The last English census reveals the encouraging fact that the proportion of the blind to the population has decreased with each successive enumeration since 1851, in which year account of them was taken for the first time. The decrease in the decade ending in 1881 was much greater than in either of the preceding decennial intervals, the number of cases returned on this latter occasion being 29,889, equal to one blind person in every 1,138. This decrease is fairly attributable to the progress which has been made in the surgical treatment of affections of the eye and to the diminished prevalence among children of smallpox.—*Scientific American.*

Shortening His Prayers.

"You don't say nearly as long prayers as you used to," said Freddy to his brother not many nights since.

"Don't I?" asked Maurice, somewhat conscience-stricken.

"No; you know you don't," declared Freddy. "You used to pray for lots that you don't now. You've given up praying for Jumbo too."

"Oh, well," said Maurice, after a moment's thought, "Jumbo's big enough to take care of himself."

Delighted to Be Out of Style.

Diplomatic Husband. "My dear, they tell me that this year it will be fashionable for ladies to wear their last season's bonnets."

Still more diplomatic wife. "How delightful! You've always complained of my being too fashionable, and now, for once, I can please you perfectly by being out of style."

"By being out of style?" in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, dear, I'll go down town this very afternoon, and order the loveliest new thing in bonnets.

An Evasive Reply.

"Michael, I am going up stairs to take a nap and if anybody calls and asks for me you need not say I am in but give an evasive reply," said a lady to her new man servant.

"Yes, mum."

"Do you know what an evasive reply is?"

"Most certainly I do, mum."

An hour later when the lady came down stairs and met Micheal, she said:

"Michael, did anybody call while I was asleep?" Was this friend Mrs. — here?"

"Yes, mum."

"Did she ask for me?"

"She did, mum."

"I hope you gave her an evasive reply."

"Sur'n I did that, for she went off like a bit o' dynamite."

"What did you say to her?"

"She axed me is me misses in? and I says to her, remimberin' as how you had told how to make an evasive reply, 'is your grandmother a monkey?'"

When He Returned.

Mr. Grablin, who is a candidate for Mayor, and who prides himself upon the respectability of his social relations, was met on the street by a well-dressed man.

"Ah, I am glad to see you," exclaimed the man, grasping Grablin's hand.

Grablin, who faintly remembered the man's face, and thinking that he had been away on an extended visit, slapped him on the shoulder and asked:

"Why, my dear friend, when did you return?"

"Got out to-day. The Governor pardoned me."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

It Was the Trimmings.

"Blessed shade of Saint Crosus!" howled Old Hyson, when Mrs. H.'s millinery bill came in. "Bank of the Universe! $68 for a bonnet!"

"Yes, dear," she said, so sweetly, "these are the days of Jeffersonian simplicity. The bonnet only cost $1.50; the rest is for the trimmings."

And the old man grinned and paid the bill without a murmur.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Secretary's Daughter.

Miss Bayard, daughter of the Secretary of State, has, in a measure, assumed the social burdens of the leading Cabinet position. She is blonde, slight and graceful and has a perfect genius for designing becoming costumes. She has a ready wit and although in her first youth, relishes a story with marked success.

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